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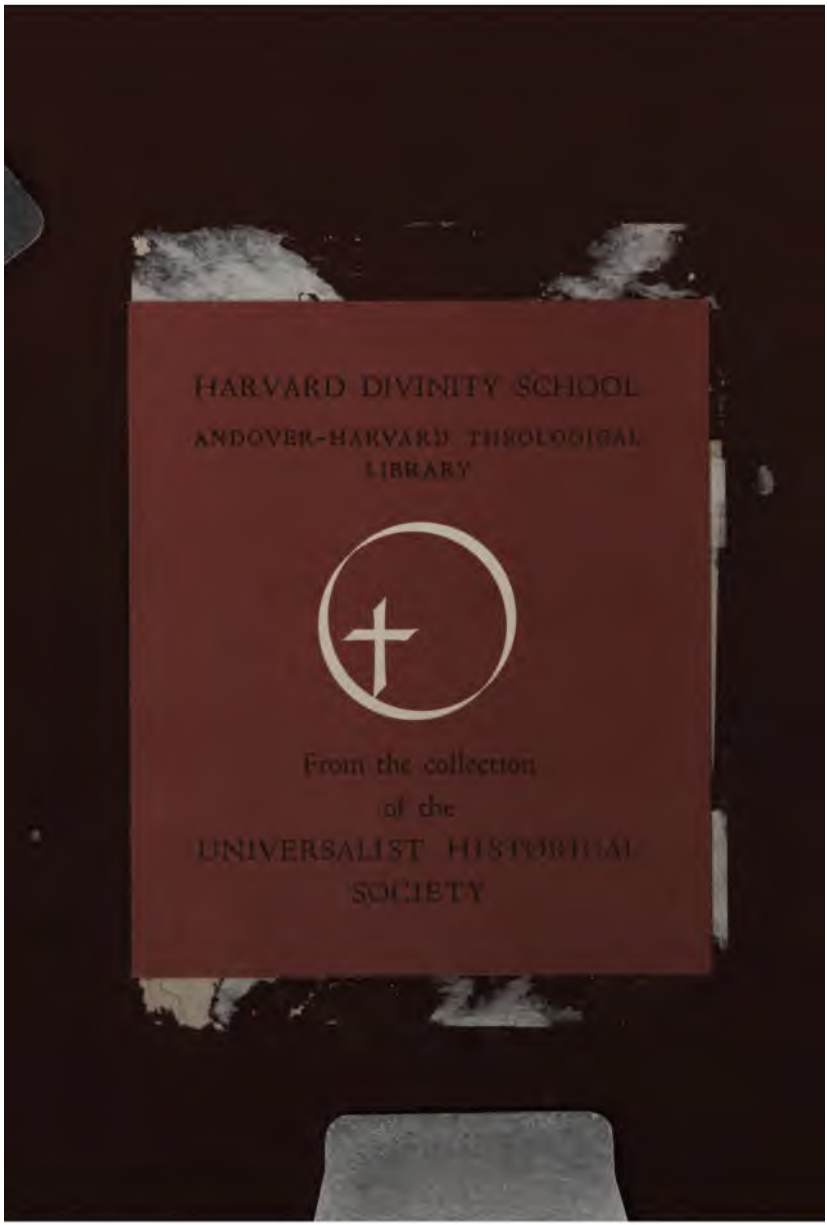
Jas. O. Walker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MEMOIR

OF

JAMES P. WALKER,

WITH

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS.

"By pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned."

BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION,
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TO

JAMIE, MAGGIE, AND MOLLIE,

This Volume is dedicated,

WITH THE SINCERE WISH THAT ALL THAT WAS GOOD, TRUE, AND BEAUTIFUL IN THEIR FATHER, MAY BE TO THEM A PRECIOUS LEGACY, EVER ENRICHING THEIR OWN LIVES.

PREFACE.

I WAS introduced to Mr. JAMES P. WALKER in the spring of 1859. From that date, up to the time of his last sickness, I knew him intimately; and, until he became Secretary of the Sunday-school Society, we were almost daily companions. With the exception of this period, and to no small extent including it, others have furnished the materials used in the following Memoir; so that my work has been rather that of editor and compiler than author. This statement is made, that credit may be given to the kindred and friends who have been so ready to render every aid in their power in its preparation. At the same time, I wish to say, that, esteeming and loving the subject of it as a dear friend, I am sure he was worthy of all the respect and affection he received whilst living, and all the tributes of regard paid to his cherished memory.

THOS. B. FOX.

BOSTON, January, 1869.

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MEMOIR.

MEMOIR.

I.

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

JAMES PERKINS WALKER was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, March 19, 1829. Of his parents he wrote in unfinished "Autobiographical Notes:"—

"My mother, to whom my father was married several years after the death of his first wife, is nine years his junior. She is a woman of uncommon natural gifts: quick of perception, clear-headed, very energetic, prompt, and persevering. Having very little schooling, few opportunities for mental expansion, commencing her married life with a young family, and soon having children of her own, with always limited means, and obliged to labor incessantly, she exhibits, at sixty-nine, an intelligence, a knowledge of persons, places, and facts, an estimate of opinions and events, a consideration for others, and a general interest in contemporaneous occurrences, at once remarkable for strength, fulness, justness, universality, and freshness. Like my father, she has been for many years a sincere

communicant of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and their house has always been open to the clergy of that church as freely as if its owners were possessed of wealth. She is universally respected by young and old. I detect in my mental constitution, and still more in my habits and predilections, evidences of my parentage; but the influence is rather hereditary than educational, as, from obvious reasons, my parents were unable to assist in any philosophical or systematic formation or development of my mind or character. All, however, that precept or example could do in their circumstances, I gratefully acknowledge. My father's strict integrity is at once my pride and my incalculable profit. My mother's ambition to make the most of her opportunities, and to keep up with the times, her energy and self-denial, her constant effort to cultivate my self-respect, and give it a sound basis, her watchfulness to perserve me from the contamination of the boy-world, and her incessant study to interest and amuse me at home when young, have been the great means, under Heaven, of my acquiring whatever of good principles, mental and moral happiness, and the respect of others I have enjoyed."

This "best of mothers," as James called her, died Jan. 11, 1861, of a long-settled consumption; and his father, "an exact and honest man, controlled and directed by religious principle and faith, kind and affectionate," died May, 1861, after some months of failing health.

James spent most of his out-of-school hours

at home with his mother, who allowed him great liberty in his choice of in-door amusements. He was self-willed and less easily governed than the other children. He was not cross or disagreeable, but determined to do only what he wished; manifesting a quiet obstinacy, the beginning of his resoluteness and self-rule.

Two or three anecdotes of him when a very little fellow are recalled, that are interesting as giving glimpses of his natural disposition.

He was famous for running away from home into the street. A girl who lived in the family used to tell him there were bears at the head of the lane, and if he ran away, they would get him. He believed her story; and among the first, if not *the* first, original prayer he offered, was this: "O Lord! pour out thy spirit on all these houses, and bless these people, and keep the bears away from the head of this lane." He was not very demonstrative. His mother used to speak of his apparent want of sympathy with her. Once she had a sore arm, on which the doctor had to perform a painful operation. James, then only five years old, begged to be present. His mother felt sad that he was willing to witness her distress, and said to him, "Jamie, do you want to see your mother suffer?" — "No, mother: I don't want you to suffer; but if you've got to suffer, it won't

hurt you any more to let me see what the doctor does." And he stayed, and saw the operation with great composure. He used to say that at this very time, and often in after years, he laid awake weeping at the thought that his mother might die.

He was punished at school one morning with three blows on the hand. He was not in fault, and his sense of justice was so outraged, that he indignantly declared that he would never go to that school again. His mother insisted that he should; assured him that if he were innocent it would all come out right; and explained to him how much better it was to be whipped without deserving it, than to have blame and shame to bear, as well as pain. He was so much disturbed and so angry, that, fearing he might not obey her, she left her work and followed him at a distance until she saw him enter the schoolhouse. The same afternoon, at recess, he came home with a bouquet in one hand and a large red apple in the other, — peace-offerings from his teacher, who had discovered the real offender, and publicly exonerated, and apologized to, the innocent victim. When a man, he looked back to this incident, as serving to teach him that all wrong might be righted sooner or later.

James attended two Sunday schools, — the

Methodist school in the afternoon, and in the morning that of the South Parish, then to a large extent a Mission school, gathering in many children besides those belonging to the Society by which it was liberally sustained. He was interested in both; and would come home, from the latter especially, delighted with the instruction he had received, and eager to tell of whatever pleased his eye in the dress of his teacher; the shade of her gloves, the embroidery of her collar and cuffs, or some other article of her apparel.

The lady, to whose class he belonged, writes: "Would that I could convey to you the sacred remembrance I have of him; whether standing by my side, listening with intense interest and devout attention to words of instruction as we talked over the lesson, the meaning and inspiration of which he seemed already to understand; or drinking in the divine influence which came from the general lesson by our beloved superintendent, whose words always sank so deeply into the hearts of both teachers and pupils! Indeed, he was all that a Sunday-school scholar should be. As I look back, I see plainly foreshadowed the worth and purity of his future life. He always retained the greatest interest in his teachers and our Sunday school; and his letters and kind re-

membrances are among my choicest stores of memory."

After enjoying, during his earliest childhood, the care and instruction of Miss Salter, who speaks of him now with warm regard and praise, and whom he ever remembered with grateful esteem, James took his next step forward. This is his retrospective record of it: —

"At the age of six I entered the South School, then under the charge of Mr. Phineas Nichols. After several changes, the school was taken in charge by Mr. Alfred M. Hoyt, in whom I found more a friend and companion than a master, great as was the disparity of years. Whether or not I was particularly fond of study I know not, but knowledge I was indisputably anxious to acquire; so I was always ready and willing to apply myself, and most cheerfully did he second my efforts. He took me at times to walk with him, in company with other boys; and I was favored with evening instruction in mathematics at his house. As a scholar I was clever, though not brilliant. I grasped an idea quickly, but had not strength of verbal memory. Hence I succeeded better in mathematics than geography or history: an analytical mind, fondness for investigation, and willingness to plod, led me into the 'why and wherefore' of things readily; but I found it less easy to retain descriptions or narratives in my memory, though a line of argument could be remembered and communicated with comparative ease and clearness. By the extra labor of evening study, and the kindness

of my teacher, I had acquired a more than average proficiency in arithmetic, some knowledge of algebra, a practical acquaintance with surveying; was a good reader, an indifferent speller, and a miserable writer; had a tolerable knowledge of the other branches of a common-school education, and a fair store of general information."

The first, to him, large sum of money James ever possessed was seven dollars and a half. He earned this by driving cows to and from pasture; often coming proudly home with his arm around the neck of one of the animals, to show the control he obtained by kindness. He spent a part of his little fortune in the purchase of a set of drawing instruments. He went one day to the bookstore of the late Deacon John H. Foster — long known, loved, and revered for his Christian character and devoted services for more than thirty years as the superintendent of the South Parish Sunday school — to get some suitable paper on which to transfer the plan of his father's lot, which he had surveyed. The deacon was so much pleased with the rough draft the lad had with him, that he gave him all the paper he wanted. James never forgot his praise and kindness, and esteemed it a privilege that the good man who thus encouraged him when a mere boy remained to the day of his death an honored friend.

His school-days came to a premature end.

"On the 22d of July, 1841, being twelve years and four months old," he says in his "Notes," "I left school, and entered the bookstore of James F. Shores & Son, 1 Market Street. I liked my new duties, and performed them generally with alacrity. Mr. Shores, Jr., was kind and considerate, but scrupulously exact, systematic, neat, and orderly; and to his training I owe very much. I opened store very early, and thereby secured an hour or less before breakfast for reading. I read then, as ever since, slowly, rarely skipping; and when I tried hurrying, the words seemed to slip under the eyes, but not to reach the brain. At this time, I had few personal attachments. One only yet subsists; that between Joseph Foster and myself, which has increased and strengthened with our years, to my profit and satisfaction."

It was Mr. Hoyt who advised that his favorite pupil should accept the opportunity, which might not occur again, to secure an eligible position. He overcame the natural objections of the boy's mother, by pointing out the desirableness of the place, and by promising to continue to give his little friend instruction several evenings every week. In some respects this early entrance upon the life of an apprentice was a disadvantage; but it had its compensations, and was never regretted afterwards. James was at the house of his

employer at six o'clock during the summer mornings, and at daylight in the winter, to get the keys and account-books. He was the youngest of the family, and quite a pet. His careful mother was always up to prepare his breakfast, and chat with him whilst he ate it. His brother, Joseph, eight years his senior, used, as long as he needed such aid, to carry him when it stormed through the deep drifts, and always shovelled off the sidewalk for him, leaving him to make the fire and do the other inside work.

James was allowed, as a "perquisite," to make and sell ink. The money obtained in this way he kept separate from his regular salary, which was about fifty dollars a year. Following his mother's advice, he provided himself with a suitable book, in which he kept an accurate account of his receipts and expenditures; thus forming an excellent habit, which he never discontinued. The uses he made of his small income were characteristic. He paid his mother ten cents a week for board, his father a small sum for his seat in church, contributed regularly to certain benevolent objects, and gave New-Year's gifts to all the family, not forgetting the "hired girl."

As he earned his own clothing, his mother took him with her shopping; let him make his own selection of goods, taught him how to buy to advantage, and to give the preference to that

which was serviceable over that which merely pleased the eye. She did not, however, interfere with the indulgence of his taste; for she believed in a proper care for dress.

Once she was a little doubtful about the propriety of his providing himself with the luxury of a watch; but she yielded to the sensible view taken by his brother Joseph, who said, "Other boys spend their extra money for cheap shows, ice-creams, and the like, and people do not think them wasteful or extravagant, or doing any thing very wrong. If James — who likes such things as well as most lads — denies himself to secure a more lasting and valuable gratification, you ought not to 'head him off.' If you do, he may lose his liking for refined pleasures, and fall down to lower."

As an apprentice, James is remembered by his employers and others, as almost faultless for his fidelity, intelligence, and correct manners. Mr. Shores at one time, whilst absent at the South on account of ill health, left him alone in charge of the store for three months. On his return, he found that every thing had gone on perfectly well. The boy's capacity equalled his probity; his polite deportment attracted the attention of customers; and, though but a child in years, he was known and noticed, not only for what he promised to be, but for what he already

was in fair attainments and integrity of character. That this was the fact about him, will be inferred even from this slight and fragmentary sketch — all for which material could be gathered — of his earliest days.

II.

CLERK IN BOSTON.

YOUNG Walker had just passed his sixteenth birthday when he left Portsmouth to seek his fortune in Boston, with sixteen dollars, and the strongest of recommendations from Mr. Shores, Deacon Foster, and Mr. Hoyt, in his pocket. After a brief trial of two other places, he obtained, Sept. 29, 1845, a situation with the well-known firm of Little, Brown, & Co. During four years and seven months he received for his services $1,190. With this sum he met all his expenses, never allowing them to exceed his income. He tried boarding for a time, and then hired a small attic-room, in the house of a friend and connection in Boylston Street, for seventy-five cents a week. He breakfasted on bread and milk, and took his other meals down town. In this way he secured privacy, and was enabled to live economically and respectably, making a good appearance as to dress, and gratifying his simple tastes. He liked the book business, and endeavored to learn it thoroughly. His assiduity, neatness, and accuracy gave entire satis-

faction to his employers; and he received from them various expressions of approbation and regard. He always felt himself greatly indebted to Mr. Brown for his thoughtful attention in inviting him to his house, and treating him otherwise with great kindness; he found in Mr. Flagg a friendly adviser; and Mr. Little's praise often rewarded his painstaking efforts.

At this period he led, for a young man in a city, a retired, not to say secluded, life; and was reserved, fastidious, and rather self-conscious. His habits were orderly, and nothing coarse or vulgar or vicious tempted him for a moment to stray from the path of virtue. As in his boyhood, so now, he was remarkable for purity, truthfulness, and fidelity to every trust. He was fond of books, and interested in the literary exercises of the Mercantile Library Association, of which he was a faithful member. His temperament, and a certain proud bashfulness, prevented him from being demonstrative or very genial in his intercourse with his associates; and, whilst he was generally respected, it can hardly be said that he was popular, in the usual sense of that word, or had many intimates. It took time for his natural reserve and the effects of his quiet life at Portsmouth to wear away.

Fortunately, the isolation that might otherwise have proved injurious, was broken in upon, and

he was drawn out from a retirement, any thing but healthful in its tendencies, if long continued. He hired a seat (1846) in the Bulfinch-street Church, and was immediately called upon by the pastor. This led to his connection with the Sunday school, first as a teacher, then as superintendent, and to his taking part in the various social gatherings of the parish. He found himself at home amidst these pleasant Christian associations, and they gave him congenial work to do, which he did with his whole heart. At this time, as ever afterwards, his inclinations were subservient to his conscientiousness. No matter how great the struggle to overcome any personal reluctance, he never refused to respond faithfully and fully to the tasks fairly allotted to him. He became a favorite in the circle in which he worked and enjoyed so much; and, besides making warm friendships, he formed that attachment which, leading, as it did, to the closest of human relations, he ever regarded as his greatest earthly blessing.

In the quiet career of young Walker, thus far, there was nothing very peculiar or striking; no manifestation of unusual abilities or individual traits to single him out or to attract special attention. In its circumstances it was favorable to intelligent growth, well-guarded, and free from temptation. It was, however, rather

negative than positive; simply the unfolding of a healthful nature, easily and early attracted to goodness. It was a patient, not to say plodding, career, full of diligence and a painstaking desire to do right. That it was accompanied by, and resulted from, an almost precocious thoughtfulness and a strict self-management, a constant seeking of truth and a following of truth as it was revealed to the seeker, will readily be believed; because the rectitude of will, the strong and consistent character, which was prepared for the perplexities, sorrows, and perils that soon assailed it, could have been formed only by resolute and persevering effort. The child must have been the father, the youth must have been the teacher, of the man whose maturity bore such a fruitage of excellence.

III.

BUSINESS LIFE IN VARIOUS PLACES.

In November, 1850, Mr. Walker left Little, Brown, & Co., and, aided by them and others, opened a bookstore for himself in Lowell, Mass. He made a fair start, and was tolerably prosperous for a while. He was married, March 17, 1852, to Miss Mary A. Matthews, to whom he had been engaged for four years. He had now a home of his own to enjoy and care for, and was every way content in his social relations. He went into society, made pleasant acquaintances, gained some new and dear friends. He joined a book-club, and interested himself in the affairs of the Unitarian Church. To add to his happiness, his first child, Lilla Dupee, was born June 8, 1853. But the prosperity failed to be permanent. Trade fluctuated, and he found it hard to earn a livelihood for himself and family. He was therefore induced, by the advice of Mr. James Brown, and with the prospect of a partnership (1854), to accept a proposition to go to Albany, as an assistant to Mr. W. C. Little, law-bookseller in that city. He closed up his affairs

in Lowell at a sacrifice, incurring an indebtedness he was never able fully to discharge.

The first of March found him in his new position. His two years' residence in Albany was, in many respects, unsatisfactory, and attended with disappointment as to his business expectations. Here, too, he met with his "first real sorrow." His little girl died in his arms, Dec. 30, 1855, of the croup, after an illness of only three days. Among the compensations of the uncongenial situation were his connection with the Unitarian Church, his attachment to its minister, Rev. George F. Simmons, his home, and his intercourse with the few persons with whom he became intimate.

He left Albany for reasons creditable to his independence of character and his sense of right; and moved in April, 1856, to Mansfield, Ohio, to carry into effect an arrangement with certain parties that seemed to offer a fair opportunity to realize his cherished hopes of becoming permanently and profitably established in trade. Mansfield would have been a dreary town to him, for want of agreeable associates and from the absence of the surroundings he coveted, had it not been for his family ties, and his anticipations not only of a prosperous, but also of a useful, future. Even during the short time he was there, he exerted himself to set on foot projects beneficial

to the culture of the young men. For months he toiled steadily for a small salary, waiting for the erection of a store, when, according to the contract, he was to be a partner in the book department of the concern. He was doomed, however, to meet with another reverse. Almost at the moment he moved into the new building, the parties who had engaged his services sold out, giving him no intimation whatever of their purpose. This shameful and selfish violation of their plighted word left him without money,— with his wife and second child, James Wise Walker, born Aug. 25, 1856, dependent upon him,— to shift for himself, among comparative strangers. He was able, fortunately, to get out of this sudden embarrassment, by taking charge (Oct. 26, 1856) of the retail department of Leavitt & Allen, in New York. He kept house, or boarded, in Brooklyn, N.Y., where his third child, Harry Russell, was born, May 20, 1858.

Something of his state of mind, purposes, and pursuits at this time, can be gathered from these extracts from familiar letters to a friend: —

"New York, Nov. 9, 1857.

"My dear W.,— . . . I hope your anticipations about the 'Oriental' will not be disappointed. The 'editor' [meaning himself] fairly earned his fee, you may be sure, especially as he had to tinker into pub-

lishable shape another annual, which Leavitt & Allen bought 'in the rough.' However, he is willing to do two dollars' worth of work for one, because he needs the 'ones;' and labor of this kind is its own reward to a degree. The drafts to balance my bill for paper came duly to hand, as I advised you yesterday. I do 'keep up my courage' pretty well, and mean to. I do not feel that I am blameworthy for my 'non-success' thus far. I have tried to do the best I could wherever I have been placed; and though I have, being human, made some missteps perhaps, I feel that the difficulties have arisen from circumstances beyond my control; that to have produced different results, I must have sacrificed my independence and individuality. Now, I am resolved to keep on doing and trying: making the best and most of every good, and philosophically bearing, man-fashion, every seeming ill; and shall, perhaps, get as much out of life as if I had been more favorably placed. . . . Write long or short, in haste or at leisure, whenever you will. I am always glad to see the Lowell postmark.

"Very sincerely yours."

"BROOKLYN, May 9, 1858.

"MY DEAR W.,— . . . In addition to my 'Register' correspondence, I write weekly to the 'Norfolk County Journal,' Roxbury. . . . These letters are, of course, made more chatty and miscellaneous than those to the 'Register.' Both, together, consume a good deal of my odd time; but I am glad of the chance to earn, and hope it will open something better. I get, take, or make time to read somewhat, however. Have just read

'Jane Eyre,' with real delight. 'Shirley' and 'Villette' are yet before me. The 'Pitts-street Lectures' I read carefully, and with profit. Ruskin's 'Political Economy of Art' I can cordially recommend; as also 'Debit and Credit,' which is the best picture of German mercantile life I have ever seen. Emerson's 'Essays' (two volumes) I have just completed, with profound admiration for the man, who seems to have explored every field of thought, and here brought together the flowers of the entire territory, to form one magnificent *parterre*. I almost envy you the pleasure of hearing his recent lecture. What condensation, directness, clearness, and vigor of style and elevation of sentiment! . . .

"You know you used to tell me New York was the only place to live in, — now I believe; and if I must leave it, and had a choice of location offered, I really believe I should forsake my country and settle in London, rather than retire to any smaller city. I can fully understand the cases we sometimes hear of, of men not leaving the city for years and years. Why should they, if they have no love for nature, or friends to visit? Every thing else centres in the great town. . . . Oh! how I sigh for a church and minister to my mind or my heart; for I would sacrifice a good deal of mental comfort to secure a good, sound, sensible Christian pastor. . . . Yours, faithfully."

The next and most important change in his hitherto somewhat wandering life, is thus referred to by the one who faithfully shared his varied fortunes: —

"I don't think he at all inclined to care for Unitarianism, as a denomination, until he was deprived of his church privileges and pleasures; but our isolation at Albany, and our entire deprivation of religious sympathy and fellowship at Mansfield, Ohio, caused him to think that there must be many of our faith situated somewhat as we were, and hungering and thirsting for the words that, to them and us, were the words of eternal life. He read and bought our denominational literature, and learned how rich and satisfying it was; and there was born in his soul that desire to spread it broadcast, that strengthened and grew with every hour of his life. I have seen him much more exercised and troubled at his inability to give to the American Unitarian Association, than I ever saw or knew him to be about any personal wants. And it was while talking with a Boston friend at our tea-table, about the literature of our denomination and his earnest wish to do something in the good work of making it more widely known and appreciated, that the plan of his Boston business in connection with the American Unitarian Association originated."

Mr. Walker's own view of the new project is indicated in the following letter, which also throws light upon his personal character: —

"BROOKLYN, Dec. 23, 1858.

"MY DEAR W., — The rain cut off my evening trade, so I shut up shop and cut, in my turn, for home; and I

can't better improve what remains of the evening than in acknowledging your kind favors of the 16th and 21st.

"I understood the cause of your silence, and, if I had not, should have been satisfied it proceeded from no lack of thoughtfulness or readiness to do a good deed; for when did you ever fail to respond to a call in that direction? The plan proposed is to my liking, and, I am convinced, for the interest of the American Unitarian Association and the cause of Unitarianism. . . . What is wanted is an *Unitarian Association Bookstore*, where not only such books as the Association publish may be found, but all Unitarian books, and these especially and primarily. Then a miscellaneous book and stationery business may, and should, be added thereto. This I go for, apart from any personal desires in the matter. And it is not difficult of realization. Let the present copyrights, stereotypes, and printed stock be turned over to an agent, and a sum of say $3,000 for working capital, and, after a year, the store would take care of itself; *i.e.*, pay the agent, furnish rooms for the meetings of the clergy, print and circulate Unitarian books at a low rate, besides being a depot and headquarters for the denomination, and an actual power for the promulgation of liberal Christianity. . . .

"I never did any thing more reluctantly than the sending off, from your mother, a bundle to you without adding something for the children. I had under my eye half a dozen nice little English books, which, when I was picking them up, I thought, 'There, how nicely that would do for Annie W., or Pierre would like this,

and this would suit Maggie to a dot;' but oh, this poverty! Then so many nice books suggest themselves that would fit into your library, or suit Mrs. W., that I feel almost wicked when I realize my absolute inability, in spite of my four-year-old coats, &c., to gratify my wishes. Well, none of us are so poor that we cannot entertain and disseminate kind wishes and prayers; so pray accept what alone I have to give: my unmixed thanks for all your kindnesses, and earnest prayers for the peace and prosperity of your whole house. . . .

"Very sincerely yours."

Before entering upon the proposed enterprise, Mr. Walker moved his family to Portsmouth, N.H., where his fourth child, Maggie Washburn, was born, Nov. 10th, and his second boy, Harry Russell, died, Dec. 29, 1859.

It was on the 2d of May, 1859, that he commenced business with Daniel W. Wise, in the rooms of the American Unitarian Association, 21 Bromfield Street, Boston. The following November, they leased the store 245 Washington Street; the American Unitarian Association occupying the room in the rear. Not long afterwards, Mr. Henry May Bond,* who had been acting as a salesman, was admitted a member of the firm.

* He was the son of Mr. George William Bond, and a graduate at Harvard College in the Class of 1859. He enlisted in 1862 as a sergeant in the 45th Regiment Massachusetts In-

Mr. Bond, feeling it to be his duty to give himself unreservedly to his country, left the concern in the autumn of 1863; and Mr. Horace B. Fuller took his place. Mr. Wise left February, 1865, and from that date to the time of its failure in the autumn of 1866, the style of the house was Walker, Fuller, & Co.

These are mere dates of the principal occurrences and changes of eight years, gladdened by some prosperity, and the partial fulfilment of cherished hopes; saddened by more or less of perplexing anxieties, ceaseless toil, weariness of body and of brain, and finally ending in bankruptcy. During this season of vicissitudes, Mr. Walker, as the senior and leading member of the several firms, was tried and tested in every way, and not found wanting in any thing affect-

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fantry, — a nine-months' regiment. On his return, his patriotic conscience would not let him rest whilst so many of his friends and associates were still in the field, and he accepted a commission as First Lieutenant in the 20th Massachusetts Infantry, October, 1863. He died at Washington, D.C., May 14, 1864, of wounds received in the battle of the Wilderness and from guerillas. Mr. Bond was beloved by all who knew him for his perfect purity of character, religious principle, gentlemanly manners, and kindness of heart. Mr. Walker esteemed him highly for his gentle and manly virtues, and had for him a really fraternal affection. A sketch of his life, gallant services, and heroic death may be found in the "Harvard Memorial Biographies."

ing his integrity or his untiring devotion to his calling as a merchant. He accomplished much towards reaching the object of his ambition, and was becoming widely known as the head of a denominational and liberal, as well as a first-class, bookstore; which, but for untoward circumstances, would ultimately have taken a high and permanent place in the trade. Of these circumstances it is not necessary to speak in detail. The chief difficulties were a want of capital adequate to meet emergencies that were unforeseen and could not have been anticipated, and the general commercial stagnation occasioned by the war.

On one point, the compiler of this memoir can speak from years of personal knowledge and almost daily observation. Mr. Walker thoroughly understood his vocation in all its branches, and he gave to it his best energies. In weakness and sickness often, as well as in health, he struggled manfully with harassing difficulties and embarrassments. His unremitting diligence, much-enduring patience, persistent hope, and good temper, were the admiration of all acquainted with him, as an indefatigable worker; never deserting his post or slackening his efforts whilst his strength lasted, or so long as he could make a resolute will supply the want of bodily vigor. He was so reserved in regard to his own

affairs, and bore so silently and uncomplainingly his heavy burdens, that only those most intimate with him were aware how much he was at times over-taxed, and how earnest were his endeavors to command success, when the odds against him rendered the contest desperate indeed. He may have been over-sanguine; he may have fallen into mistakes and failed in judgment; but in all he did and tried to do he acted in good faith. He thus persevered, not solely or chiefly from considerations of self-interest, but because he felt bound to save those who had trusted and befriended him from loss, and because he could not endure the thought of abandoning an enterprise that was to him far more than a business operation. No man ever cared less for mere personal aggrandizement; he coveted success, that he might help the progress of the faith that was dearer to him than life. When the disastrous crisis came, his regret was not a selfish regret; he sorrowed most for the necessity of forsaking what he believed to be a means and an opportunity of advancing the cause of liberal thought and Christian truth. Whilst frankly admitting, as he would have done, that the experiment he undertook was a failure, it is simple justice to his memory to make these statements: to say, that if he erred, it was in the path his conscience bade him pursue; that at no time

were the strength and beauty of his character more manifest, his freedom from all sordid or selfish motives more evident, than whilst he was over-straining every nerve in the endeavor to build up a permanent Unitarian "Book Concern" in Boston. In view of his misfortune as a merchant, we may repeat, as applicable to himself, a remark with which he closed a lecture on "Literature and Commerce," delivered in his twenty-first year, before the Mercantile Library Association. "Though fortune may frown upon our endeavors, and the position of the prosperous business-man be not our lot, if possessing the unfailing resource of an elevated taste, a cultivated intellect, and a well-stored mind, we shall never despair. We may not become successful merchants: we can become successful men." These words were proved true in his own case. He was baffled in his strenuous attempts to make his vocation profitable; but, in spite of this, he was respected and loved as few are for his intellectual ability and moral worth.

This was owing in some measure to the fact, that, however much he was engrossed or oppressed by his own affairs, he worked outside of them wherever he felt that he was called upon, as a Christian and a citizen, to be active. As superintendent of Sunday schools, as a member and chairman of the School Committee, and in

other ways, he showed how near to his heart was the cause of education, and how ready he was to exert himself for its advancement. He gave to it the hours he needed for rest; and he seldom allowed any weariness or feebleness to keep him from doing all in his power to encourage and help any project that favored the culture of the young. A single incident will illustrate the spirit that always governed him. The winter before he died, the Base-Ball Club of Jamaica Plain chose him president of their literary society. He was not at home when the committee called to notify him of his election. His wife told them that she knew he felt a warm interest in their organization; but as he was a member of the School Committee, vice-president of the Andrew Fraternity, superintendent of the Sunday school, chairman of the Parish Committee, a member of the Examiner Club, and obliged to be often absent in discharge of his official duties as secretary of the Sunday-school Society, she was sure he would feel as if he could not give them every Monday evening, and be present at their debates. To her astonishment, when, on his return, she told him of the invitation, he at once said he should accept it, adding, "I have always rebuked the neglect with which young men are treated. Whilst they are boys, we are ready to do any thing for them; but the moment they want to do any thing for

themselves, or of themselves, we stand aloof and criticise, or kill their efforts by our indifference. I won't throw cold water on their first organized effort for self-improvement." He took the proffered office, and attended every meeting when he was in town; and no matter how tired and worn he was when he left the house to go to the club, he always came back cheered and brightened by his contact with his young associates.

Throughout the whole of these later years of his life, his attachment to the Unitarian denomination, and his zeal in its service, were constantly on the increase; mainly from personal religious taste, and partly because he wished to identify his mercantile pursuits with its welfare. Whenever he could, he attended the conventions and other gatherings; and, on Anniversary Week, he was among the hardest of workers on the committee of arrangements for the festival. To him, quite as much as to any one, is to be given the credit of the movement to raise one hundred thousand dollars for the American Unitarian Association. Believing that the sums heretofore contributed were but a pittance, compared with what ought to be given and might be obtained, he thoroughly examined the annual reports, and prepared a statement, showing that the average amount obtained per annum from the beginning of the organization was only $8,800. He read this paper

at the meeting in Hollis-street Church, May, 1864, and proposed that an effort should be made to obtain twenty-five thousand dollars for the ensuing year. His suggestion kindled quite a flame of enthusiasm. Others took up the subject, and a lively debate ended in the determination to quadruple that sum. It was one of those occasions when impulse and sympathy do in a few moments what long-continued deliberations fail to accomplish, and in which the most ardent spirits take the lead and are often foremost in carrying out plans they did not originate. Of the project his motion initiated, Mr. Walker's agency in the matter was overlooked, and he naturally felt a little hurt that he was not called upon to aid in the execution of a scheme he had inaugurated. Others noticed the oversight. A gentleman, an entire stranger, coming out of the church, shook hands with him, and said, "Mr. Walker, I know how to appreciate your service, and thank you with all my heart. You made and started the ball; and as it rolls onward it will grow larger, we hope. You must take comfort in the thought that you were privileged to begin the undertaking so well."

On several journeys, made for business purposes, Mr. Walker was ever alive to his favorite object, the spread of liberal Christianity; and in his letters, when at the West and elsewhere, he constantly wrote of his intercourse with minis-

ters, and his attendance at various churches and meetings. This extract relates to one of his experiences, and expresses feelings that he often reiterated: —

"MILWAUKEE, June 18, 1857.

. . . "I do believe that I have got good at this conference; and I would willingly work at any thing, from nine to twelve P. M. for a month to come, if you could have been here the past week with me. It has been a crowded week for me. . . . The meetings have been good; their spirit delightful. Hale's sermon last night solved a difficulty, and cleared a mist from my mind which makes the hearing of it an epoch; and I told him so. I feel to-night happier and braver and stronger and fuller of faith than I ever did before, it seems to me. I feel more of a man; and my life is richer, and worth more to me for this week's observation and experience and work (some of it unpleasant, too) than I can express on paper. . . . I prayed right earnestly that God would bless my labors here, and he has."

What Mr. Walker understood to be the essence of the gospel he cherished and desired to help diffuse, appears from this passing allusion to one of the discussions of the day: —

"BOSTON, Aug. 29, 1857.

. . . "I have written a letter to F., and, in reply to his allusion to the Broad Church, wrote: 'I am interested and amused at the Broad-church controversy. My own impression is, that what the "Church" wants,

is not "breadth," but depth; and that as the bed of the ocean is said to be free from the commotion which disturbs and divides the surface, so, if we penetrate to the bottom of this matter, which is right living, we shall find ourselves on the same level or platform, without a ripple to separate us. But so long as we attempt to smooth the surface (of opinion and belief), either by the strong wind of denunciation, or the oil of a blind and unreasoning acquiescence, we shall exhaust ourselves in vain. As to the best means of getting down to the smooth and safe level, whether by stopping our ears and resolutely driving through the surface of doubts and beliefs to the serene depths of lives and deeds, or by overcoming the buoyancy of the waves by sound and solid arguments, that must depend on the mental constitution of individuals; only, we must not find fault with our neighbor if he prefer one method and we the other.'"

It must not be imagined, that, during the eventful years which comprised so large a portion of his business life in Boston, and so seriously affected it, Mr. Walker's thoughts or his feelings were confined to those subjects or pursuits which had for him special attractions. In his early manhood he cared little for public affairs, and sympathized, on the whole, with that conservative portion of the community whose anxiety for peace made them willing to seek it by almost any compromise. But after the murderous attack upon a Massachusetts Senator in

the Senate chamber, he felt that he had been wrong and too inactive. When he read the account of that assault, he exclaimed, "Well, I've got to the place now where I'm willing to say, too, 'Let the Union slide,' if, to preserve it, we must endure such outrages as this." From that hour he was conscientiously anti-slavery and loyal to the cause of freedom, justice, and humanity, so fearfully imperilled. He was ready to do any thing and make all the sacrifices in his power for his country, and never murmured at the privations and embarrassments brought upon him by the conflict with the rebellion.

A single passage from one of his letters tells the whole story of his feelings in regard to the war: —

"June 20, 1864.

. . . "Alas, how full is life of sad hours, calling imperatively for something outside of and above us, upon which to lean for support! I have derived untold comfort in my sorrow from the circumstances of poor A.'s death.* 'Thank God,' I wrote J., 'he has never faltered, and has fallen at last at the head of his men, and face to the foe.' It is small credit to us, personally;

* His brother, Major William Augustus Walker, in command of the Twenty-seventh Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, fell mortally wounded, June 3, 1864, in the attack on the enemy's fortifications at Gaines' Mills (Cold Harbor) before Petersburgh.

but there is some relief in the knowledge that blood of our blood has been poured out to help fill up the sacrifice. One can't help the feeling that any family of three or more sons which has not some representative in the field, or under it, is recreant. I have more than once envied A. the honor of his death. I am happy to say, that, after four days, his body has been recovered under a flag of truce, and buried in the field whence I hope in October to remove it, to rest by those of father and mother."

He was not afraid of honest, free inquiry, or the fullest discussion; and, though he could not sympathize with the passionate agitation or the exclusive zeal with which some reforms were urged, he believed in progress, and had perfect confidence that, if given a fair field, truth would take care of itself in the conflict with error.

On other than merely political questions his opinions underwent a change; and he showed his readiness to stand on the unpopular side for what he deemed the right, by unhesitatingly putting his imprint upon pamphlets and other works which mere prudential considerations might have induced him to decline. In regard to one subject, about which his views were essentially modified, a friend writes, —

"He liked to see women devote their best powers to their homes, the centres of purity and good influence, and believed that those called

upon to stand alone and work for themselves could, by industry and ability, seek and find many opportunities of usefulness.

"But his observation of life, especially at the West, greatly changed his views. There he came in contact with persons, many of them intelligent and well informed, but unsettled in their habits of life by change of place and occupation, and removed from the restraints that almost insensibly affect older and more established communities. It had been his happiness to know many homes where women were respected as much as loved; but when the other side of the picture was disclosed to him, he was shocked at the inability of women to protect themselves from the grossest injustice.

"One case interested him especially: of a woman who, deserted by her husband, left with young children, homeless and penniless, succeeded not only in earning for them a decent support and education, but in providing them with a home, only to have it sold over their heads by the long-absent husband, who returned to find them in comfort, and left them again in utter poverty. Could the law be a just one which allowed such a proceeding?

"After Mr. Walker's return to Massachusetts, he became more and more alive to the importance of providing new and safe means to women

for earning their own support, and especially of bringing the moral sense of the community to perceive that when women did the same work as men equally well, their salaries should be the same. He believed that, as a purely selfish policy, men do the best thing possible for themselves, when they aid women to develop and use the powers which God has given them; and he often spoke of the Church, as an organization where the highest success is attained by the working together of men and women.

"Mr. Walker was the publisher of Mrs. Dall's books, which interested him greatly. His judgment did not always approve the means adopted by the prominent advocates of women's rights for bringing their cause before the public; but his sympathies were with the work, and Mrs. Dall's devotion and zeal won his warm admiration."

IV.

STUDENT, AUTHOR, AND PREACHER.

It cannot be said, in strictness of speech, that Mr. Walker was a scholar or a man of letters. He had neither the early training, nor the after-opportunities, to be such; and yet his claims to be considered a man of culture were many, and all the stronger because they came of his own determined and unintermitted exertions. He did much to overcome the hindrances which thwarted his love of knowledge and fondness for intellectual pursuits. He was always steadily bent upon enriching his mind and tasking his faculties. His clearness of thought found fluent and correct expression. He was a good critic and a lover of books, and every year witnessed his growth in literary attainments. How anxious he was for self-improvement, notwithstanding the many obstacles he had to encounter in carrying out his purpose, appears from the following entry in his "Autobiographical Notes:" —

"*Oct.* 1, 1855. — Realizing the importance of a definite and systematic course of reading and study, I propose to myself the following employment of my few

hours of leisure, praying for resolution to be able to carry out the plan here laid down: —

"In reading, I must never pass over a word without understanding its meaning; a place, without becoming acquainted with its geographical locality; an historical character or event, without ascertaining his or its country, date, and circumstances.

"I determine to read one chapter daily (in the Bible), and devote fifteen minutes each day to religious study and investigation.

"I will devote at least thirty minutes daily, for the present, in copying and finishing my long since begun 'Dictionary of Religious Sects.'

"I will commence and keep up an Index Rerum for the record of valuable and interesting matters of reference.

"I will continue my 'Book of Facts for the Curious,' commenced in 1849, and neglected of late, and must remember when I have occasion to write for the press to refer to it and my other MS. volumes for illustrative matter and anecdote.

"I will also keep up my 'Chronological List of Events,' with a view to contributing to some paper, when the calendar shall be full, a daily article, recalling past years.

"I will also continue the volume of 'Interesting Anecdotes and Facts in Literature and Art.'

"I will keep a volume for the purpose of recording, in a synoptical or tabular form, any miscellaneous information desirable for reference, collected in the course of my reading, or condensed for the especial purpose.

"But one subject requiring protracted study or investigation, shall engross my attention at a time; and that shall be completed before another is taken up.

"First, my sketch of Spanish History must be finished; and, subsequently, in such order as I may then decide, a similar sketch of the other European countries; and also complete my 'Record of Famous Books.'

"By way of miscellaneous reading, I propose, in addition to the usual newspaper and periodical literature, and such new books as circumstances require or inclination incline me to peruse, and such religious reading — Channing, &c.'— as I may engage in, to read carefully, that I may acquire a familiarity with the author and the work, — the following books, having on hand but one at a time, and making it always subordinate to my more severe employments."

Annexed to this plan is a carefully prepared list of works to be read, — not very extensive in number, but taking quite a wide range as to subjects, and including such classical and other authors as clearly implied the determination to master the best portions of English and American literature. He was an ardent admirer and a studious reader of Emerson; and without neglecting science, philosophy, and history, he was familiar with the best essayists, poets, and novelists of our own country and England. Naturally enough, and for obvious reasons, Dickens was

with him a great favorite. The humanity, tenderness, and pathos of the stories of "Boz" appealed to his heart, and he keenly relished their delicious humor.

His first appreciation of Christmas, as something more than a church festival, was awakened by the "Carol." After reading it, the hallowed holiday had to him a new meaning, prompting him to do all he could to promote its observance as a religious and joyous anniversary. On the eve of its annual return he read to himself before his marriage, and to his family afterwards, the beautiful ghost story. The prayer of "The Haunted Man," "Lord, keep my memory green," touched and impressed him, as it has thousands of others, and he wished it might be inscribed upon his gravestone. Perhaps it was given him to know, as one of the rewards of his faithful serving, that, at the first meeting, after his death, of the Norfolk-County Sunday-School Convention, his portrait was surrounded by a wreath bearing in letters of *immortelles* that aspiration for an unfading remembrance.

By giving his leisure evenings to study instead of to the rest he so often needed, and by keeping at his tasks far into the night, Mr. Walker prepared himself for the literary society he enjoyed, and in which he was at home and at ease. It was observable that, free as he was from vanity and

pretence, and generally content to be a listener and hearer, he had no false humility, and neither underestimated his natural talents, nor the extent to which he had succeeded in disciplining and enriching them. To gratify his taste, to be useful, or to add something to his income, he was a constant writer from his youthful days; and his productions were numerous and various enough to entitle him to be called an author. He was, from time to time, a correspondent of religious and secular newspapers, and a contributor to a number of periodicals. He printed several juvenile stories, the most prominent of which were, "Faith and Patience" and "Sunny-Eyed Tim," both excellent and popular. He edited a couple of Annuals, when such gift-books were the fashion. The sentiment of the beautiful which he exhibited when a child, grew with his growth, and made of him a lover of art as well as of nature. It was this, no doubt, that suggested to him the collection of photographs, taken from the finest engravings within his reach, of the most celebrated of Raphael's Madonnas, accompanied by letter-press, containing brief histories of the marvellous paintings. The limited edition of this work was soon exhausted, as it was one of the most attractive books of the holiday season of 1859. In short, the pen which he took up at an early age was never idle; and remarkably

easy as were its first movements, it grew continually in vigor and grace to the last. His simple and clear style was freighted with good sense, and occasionally touched with poetic fancies and playful humor. Generally, however, it represented the serious tone that was uppermost in his nature.

Mr. Walker's first appearance in the pulpit was as a reader at the Pitts-street Chapel, during the absence of the pastor, Rev. S. H. Winkley. This soon led to the writing of sermons, and to invitations to preach occasionally in other places. He read the Scriptures and the hymns with earnest simplicity, and conducted the devotional exercises with self-forgetting fervor and aspiration. The impression he made was that of thorough sincerity, assured faith, spiritual-mindedness, and unaffected, cheerful piety. There was nothing crude or stiff about his performances; and he was always listened to as one speaking out of the abundance of his heart, and from his own deep and settled convictions. Where he was not personally known, it was taken for granted that he belonged to the regular ministry; and even when he addressed congregations acquainted with him as a layman, it never occurred to anybody that he was out of place, or doing any thing out of character, in thus partially entering the clerical profession. This is saying much for one who was so constantly en-

grossed in occupations and burdened with cares not usually regarded as favorable to such ministrations as he easily engaged in; but it is saying only what the truth fully warrants. In his case, the publisher and bookseller was forgotten in the presence of the man whose profound sense of duty, and quick, intellectual perceptions of the great objects of life and the best means of obtaining them, gave him a stimulating influence over many persons in various conditions. There was no cant or formality, or assumption of self-righteous superiority in his manner or in his words. In his transparent aims, and in his daily conduct, he exemplified the Christianity he so heartily accepted, and was so anxious to advocate and diffuse, — the Christianity that justifies and sanctifies the pleasures and common duties of this life, whilst using them, as well as the discipline of difficulty and sorrow, in preparing for the better life to come. He believed in the present as well as in the future. Hence the harmony and unity of his twofold vocation. It did not seem at all strange whilst he was with us, it does not seem at all strange now that he has left us, that one constituted and self-ruled as he was, and entertaining the views he entertained, should be, whilst engaged in trade, ready, as occasion invited or commanded, to be a religious teacher. His heart and conscience were in these extra

labors. They were agreeable to his inclinations; they relieved the prosaic toil necessary to obtain a livelihood, and were in perfect accordance with his controlling principles and sentiments. For the most part, they were "labors of love," freely given whenever asked for, and whenever they could be of service to others; and, in the way of beneficence, supplied the place of silver and gold, of which he had little to bestow. Moreover, they proved to be a preparation for the culminating work of his life: a work that of itself ordained and set him apart as a minister and missionary in a department of the Christian Church, — the vital importance of which, to the spiritual culture of the community, it would not be easy to exaggerate.

What we have here said of Mr. Walker as student, author, and preacher, will be found partially exemplified in the selections from his manuscripts given in this volume. These are published chiefly as illustrations of his character; but it is believed their intrinsic merits, simply as literary performances, render it hardly necessary to remind the reader that they were, most of them, prepared amidst the engagements of an active man of business, and without the remotest idea that they would ever appear in print. But putting entirely aside all that he accomplished with his pen and voice, every one who knew him

well must have felt that, had circumstances allowed him to give himself to study and literary culture, his intellectual abilities and elevated tastes would have secured for him a high position in the company of men of letters.

V.

SECRETARY OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

MR. WALKER was elected Secretary of the Sunday-School Society at the annual meeting in Lowell, October, 1866. In December, after the failure of Walker, Fuller, & Co., he was invited and urged to give his whole time to that office. It was expected that, as the executive agent of the Society, he would increase its funds, and obtain for it a support from the churches sufficient to meet its expenses and extend its operations. Why he accepted the appointment, what he hoped to accomplish, and what he thought of himself at that time, may be gathered from an extract from a letter to a friend who doubted the wisdom of the step he had taken: —

"July 10, 1867.

"DEAR W., — What you say about the Sunday-school work meets my hearty approval. The importance of this early ingraining of definite religious ideas cannot be overstated. Our children should have positive views and opinions; and among them should be this, that there is always more to be learned, — that they may

keep their minds open. All you say and urge about my future, I fully appreciate, and am entirely satisfied that it comes from the very depths of your personal regard. Nevertheless, when the practical question comes up, 'What would you have me do about it?' I feel that you are not quite sound in your position. I was compelled to make a change in business. This work to which I was attracted and am attached, and for which I have special fitness, offered. I gladly embraced it; not as a finality, nor with any clear views as to what would come of it. It was manifestly the best thing to do, then. Once engaged in it, it was and is plainly my duty, and will be, I am satisfied, on broad principles, my interest, to 'do with my might what my hands find to do.' If I work with one hand and half a heart, looking out for something else, I should make shipwreck of both. I believe (and you believe, practically), that filling up the measure of present opportunity is the providential way of being prepared for what the future unfolds. . . .

"You speak of the importance of this work, the religious education of the young, &c.; how imperative it is that such and such things should be done; how much turns upon it, &c. It must have occurred to you, as being a little inconsistent with your plea, that 'a man's (every man's) first duty is to try to make money for his family.' If every capable, enthusiastic man acted upon that principle, what would become of all the religious, philanthropic, educational, and beneficent enterprises? Left to the inefficient, the unenterprising, and the torpid, they would die out, and the world

and every man in it be poorer, in spite of his money, in consequence.

"The conclusion seems irresistible, that it must be some men's 'duty' to attend to this part of the world's economy, even at the fearful price of not making money, or, more properly, of not trying to make money; for, of the hundreds who sacrifice every thing else in that strife, how few succeed even in that!

"From this it would follow that there may be something possible to be accumulated more valuable than money; more valuable for children, even, than any thing which mere money can procure, — character, reputation, refinement, cultivation, position, association, &c.

"You are not to suppose from all this that I have abandoned all anticipations for a future in business. But I feel I am now clearly in the way of my present duty. And, further, while I am conscious of a thorough knowledge of business, and of *the* business, I am not a trader, and never was. I hate bargaining, and lack about as many qualifications for success in business as I possess, unless I could be associated with some one who would complement my qualities. . . . Will write more of home and personal detail next time. Yours, sincerely."

It was left for the Secretary to shape the work of his office. Clear in his general aims, his plans were at first necessarily indefinite. He addressed himself earnestly to his task; for he loved it, believed in its importance and its prac-

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ticability. He felt confident that much might result from it; though precisely how much, he left for time and diligent zeal to determine. It was permitted him to labor only a little more than a year in the field so attractive to him; and consequently hardly more than hints can be given of all he promised to be and to do as the planning head and the industrious hand of the institution intrusted to his active oversight. He fitted up and furnished a pleasant room at 26 Chauncy Street, where he received those who wished to confer with him. He proposed to keep for examination and sale samples of the apparatus suitable for the Sunday school: such as illuminated Scriptural mottoes, text-books, cards with hymns, and whatever else might be of service to teachers and scholars. He turned his attention at once to the subject of libraries, and co-operated and consulted with the Ladies' Commission, who had the matter of juvenile literature in charge under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association. He edited with care and taste the "Sunday-school Gazette," and strove successfully to extend its circulation. He visited parishes, attended conferences and conventions, delivered addresses, conducted an extensive correspondence, issued circulars seeking and communicating information and suggestions, and endeavored to gain a knowledge, even to the minutest par-

ticulars, of the actual working of the Sunday-school system; he strove, in short, in every fitting way to awaken and increase throughout the Unitarian denomination that care for the Christian nurture of the young he deemed so essential to its spiritual growth and prosperity. He made an extended excursion to the West, where he met with a cordial reception, which he fully repaid by the inspiring influence of his presence and his speech. These extracts from his hurried letters home will give an idea of his delight and enthusiasm on this missionary trip: —

"CHICAGO (Church of the Messiah),
Sunday, Oct. 20, 1867.

"DEAR M., — I shall never cease to regret not having you with me on this trip West. Such a service as we have had! — a sermon from Clarke on Live Religion; the most impressive ordaining service of a young man to the ministry (at large); prayer by Laird Collier; and right hand by Robert, and such a right hand! It melted everybody! Now I am in Collyer's study scratching these lines, while the Sabbath-school children are assembling in the adjoining room to 'hear an address' from Mr. Walker, — there, I must go."

Evening, same place. "O M., such meetings! The Sabbath-school room was filled, and I spoke to the children. They gave the closest attention. . . . Then I went to Dr. Ryder's and dined. At three went to the Church (St. Paul's). It was full of children and teachers and parents, — delegates from all round. The

service was read, and they sang, and Dr. Ryder said a few words; then I spoke; then Laird Collier and Shippen and Mr. St. John, and more singing and a dismissal. 'Twas a prodigious success for an impromptu occasion. I had many congratulations. . . . I have been convinced that it is my duty not to go right home. There is to be an installation at Keokuk, Iowa, next Thursday, and I am promised a chance to see the children, and then go to Milwaukee for Sunday. If possible to arrange it, have an evening, Monday or Tuesday, at Kalamazoo, Mich. They will get their people together any hour I appoint. H. and others from Cincinnati say I must come there another year. So you will not see me for a week more than I intended. I am assured by —— and by —— that my duty is to stay hereabouts this additional time. I am so happy to see how cordial and universal has been the response since I opened my lips Saturday. . . . But enough. I only write it to make glad your brave, loving, trusting heart. For me, mine swells with thankfulness to God that I am not to utterly fail in this world, and may do some good in it. . . . Yours, ever."

"St. Louis, Oct. 23, 1867.

"My dear M., — Another superb day. Providence has smiled marvellously upon this expedition in more than one sense: not a wet day during the Conference; a perfect day in Springfield yesterday, and another for St. Louis to-day. Dr. Eliot is in New York. . . . Visited the Washington University; also the Polytechnic Institute, in which is the finest hall in the country;

also the Mercantile Library, &c. . . . This is and has been a rare opportunity to see and learn. I can 'feel myself grow,' and as I am clearly in the way of my duty, according to all testimony, I feel doubly satisfied and grateful for the opportunity. God make me a better, wiser, and more true and useful man. I will finish this letter at Keokuk."

"KEOKUK, 24th, — morning.

"One more State added to my list. Left St. Louis at seven and a half o'clock last night, in sleeping-car, and reached here this morning at seven. . . . Keokuk is very pleasantly placed on a bend of the river, built on a high bluff, and though straggling, as are most Western towns, is rather well-looking and thriving. I am drinking in all I can of Western life, habits, needs, and prospects, and will talk with you all about them when I get home. I have been and am remarkably well, considering the amount of knocking about, night travel, change of diet, &c. I feel clear and strong and hopeful, and full of love for my dear wife and precious babies. I have seen enough of the world to prize Massachusetts more than ever; and of women, to cherish my wife as the one prize amid ten thousand blanks. God bless you, and make me worthy of you."

"KEOKUK, Oct. 25, 1867.

"MY DEAR M., — I wish you could have peeped in upon the scene in the little church after my address this morning, — such a crowding about me and hand-shaking and introducing of the little ones! It seemed

impossible I could be thirteen hundred miles from home, and among people I never saw before. If I had not been fastened to Milwaukee and Kalamazoo by positive engagements, it would have been almost impossible to resist the urgent calls to stay longer, and go down the river. They proposed to telegraph to Staples and to Kalamazoo that I couldn't come. The services last night were intensely interesting. I was invited to read a hymn, as part of the services.

"Both Colliers go east (to Chicago) this afternoon, and I accompany them; going on thence to Milwaukee for Sunday. Will add a word to this, and mail it at Chicago. How grateful to God I am for this chance of seeing the West, and expanding my mind and fitting me for my work! Everybody assures me that I am doing infinite good by this extending of the ties of fellowship and friendship. I hope I shall be worthy my opportunities. Pray for me; and oh! love me with all your generous, affectionate heart."

Much as Mr. Walker enjoyed the social gatherings and animated discussions at which he was present, and in which he took part, he chiefly valued them as they tended to inaugurate a working power for the accomplishment of practical results; for, with all his enthusiasm, he was clear-headed in the pursuit of his objects, and his warm-hearted zeal was obedient to his wide-awake common sense. Two or three illustrations of his methods, and the principles underlying

them, will prove that he never forgot that he was to be a rational worker, and not a visionary.

He took care not to overlook the smaller and poorer parishes, even in his appeals for money. He held that people prized all the more what they paid for or denied themselves something to obtain. He deemed it quite essential that a society should feel the importance of any undertaking in their pockets; and he thought that much of comparative coldness and indifference in the churches was the consequence of leaving the rich to do the greater part of the giving. He used to say that when Unitarians of small means began to part freely with the few cents they could honestly bestow upon some good cause, he should look for large returns from the parishes, and new life within their borders; accordingly, he thought himself as successful when he obtained small subscriptions from feeble societies, as when larger contributions from wealthy congregations replenished his treasury. It was another article of his creed, that no church or Sunday school was more than half alive that lived in and for itself alone; and he exerted himself to promote and encourage an active benevolence among the young. Examples of his success in several instances, in this direction, will still further explain the comprehensive thoughtfulness of his purposes, and how busy his mind was in devising ways to execute them.

Some members of a parish that strained every nerve to meet its own expenses, and felt excused from doing any thing beyond, were moved to try one of his schemes. They induced the children and their parents to meet once a month. The former recited texts and hymns, or went through other appropriate exercises. The latter were so pleased that they gladly dropped into the contribution box, as it was passed round, as much as they could afford, and more than they had been in the habit of thinking they could afford, to give, before their hearts were touched by the pleasant proofs of the careful training their children were receiving. The collection went up from ten, as high as to twenty, dollars a month; and the money obtained was used for the benefit of children in the neighborhood who were unable to attend church for want of decent clothing. The teachers and their pupils formed a sewing circle to make up clothing for their *protégés*.

In another case, where a like experiment was tried, in consequence of a correspondence with Mr. Walker, one of the teachers proposed that a part of the monthly donations should be reserved for the library. The children, though hungering for new books, stoutly objected to this, and refused to be cheated out of the pleasure of helping others; so they resolved that each of the twenty scholars should earn five cents a week towards a

library fund; and the dollar was regularly forthcoming.

Mr. Walker felt deeply the destitution of the children of the freedmen; he was, however, not at liberty to use the funds of the organization he represented, outside of the denomination. But, taking the hint from his wife, he established a sort of Home Missionary Society, putting the membership fee at one cent a week, or fifty cents a year, to be fairly earned by every child joining it. He got up a pretty certificate of membership; and found his little friends, whenever and wherever he addressed them, quite eager to carry out his project. With the small amount thus raised, he sent books, papers, and manuals to schools, colored or white, that were not Unitarian. From this movement came, after his death, a touching tribute to his memory, — a ten-cent offering from some colored children for "the man who sent them the papers."

Whilst holding the office of Secretary of the Sunday-School Society, Mr. Walker still continued to be the Superintendent of the Jamaica Plain Unitarian Sunday School; and, directly under his own eye, he tried the experiments he recommended to others. His immediate neighborhood furnished no cases of destitution, ignorance, or deprivation not already provided for by charitable organizations. Still, he deemed it necessary that

the children of a prosperous, and even wealthy, parish should learn the lesson of practical beneficence, and be early accustomed to care for the welfare of those less favored than themselves. He therefore determined to give them an opportunity to do something for the welfare of others. Having himself felt the want of sympathy and help, when an exile from the Unitarian communities of New England, he resolved to aid the feeble Sunday school of the new society in Ithaca, New York, whose pastor was a personal friend. His first step was to consult with the lady teachers of his school; for it was a conviction of his, that, if you want a thing done by real workers, explain your purpose to the ladies, obtain their co-operation, and, whilst you stand ready to help, let them do it; they will better your suggestions, and carry them out more successfully than you could yourself. At a meeting of all his teachers, after consultation it was decided to have a fair, for the object he had commended to their good-will. Although fairs were not agreeable to him, because so many who attend them are induced to part with their money for some consideration of profit or pleasure, instead of giving it freely from right motives, he was not blind to the fact that those who undertake them find innocent amusement in their voluntary toil, and thus social enjoyment, at least, is promoted. So, in this instance, he as-

sented cheerfully to the adoption of the popular and possibly too common, method of raising funds; acting, perhaps, upon the common-sense view he took on another occasion. A gentleman said, in reply to his expression of delight that one of the Boston churches had contributed so largely to the American Unitarian Association, "Half the people who gave did not care any thing about the 'cause.' They only gave that their society might excel all the others; and he didn't believe money so given did much good."—"Possibly not to the donors, I allow," was his quick answer; "but we read, 'He causeth even the wrath of man to praise him.' Why not the vanity of man also?" He looked steadily to the benefits to be accomplished by associated action, and did not morbidly worry or hypercritically complain of the defects inseparable from it. To cavillers and questioners of motives he used to say, "If the work could be done by angels or archangels, it might be quite perfect; and God would have given it to them to do if he wanted it done in that manner. What I think about it is, that God likes and desires the weak or the vain or the self-seeking to work with the true and devoted souls who take the laboring oar in almost all good enterprises. His purpose is served when the second and third rate workers see the 'beauty of holiness' in their more upright and single-

hearted fellow-laborers. So let us be thankful that the former take a part in doing good things, even when they fail to act from the highest motives; and have faith in God, who knows that some of the dark and crooked places in men's hearts can only be illumined by the reflected rays of his love and goodness, by seeing in really live men and women that self-consecration which, Thomas-like, they must see to believe in." This was his serene and cheerful faith.

But he was not called upon to apply this doctrine very strictly, if at all, at Jamaica Plain. The fair, after six or seven weeks of assiduous preparation, was held one afternoon and evening in November, 1867, with a success that far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. They had hoped to get one hundred dollars; but the receipts were six hundred, and the net profit over four hundred dollars. Of this sum, a fourth part was sent to Ithaca, smaller amounts to other poor and struggling schools; leaving enough to furnish very nicely a room in the House of the Children's Mission in Boston.*

Mr. Walker, as before stated, was secretary of

* It was Mr. Walker's wish to have this effort to obtain funds for missionary purposes repeated annually. And it is a pleasure to say, that, encouraged by the success of the first attempt, and to show a regard for his memory by following his example, another fair was held last autumn (November, 1868), the receipts at which were $553.

the Sunday-school Society a few months over a year. The specimens given here of the manner in which he discharged his duties and formed his plans, are hardly more than hints of an activity that filled the days, and encroached far into the nights, during that period of incessant devotedness to the enterprise he had most at heart. He made himself widely known and felt as a religious educator. All who came in contact with him were ready to confess that he was "the right man in the right place," and a man thoroughly in earnest. Besides his strong faith, and his deep, sincere conviction that he was giving himself to a truly Christian work, he had other qualifications that specially fitted him for his office. His literary attainments, distinctness of aim, unwearied diligence, systematic habits, impressive and attractive manner as a speaker, even temper, kind, courteous, and gentlemanly bearing, and a certain something in his very presence that won instant attention and trust, — all made it evident that the Sunday-school Society under his management could not fail of becoming an institution of great usefulness to the churches, and an agency of incalculable good to the community. He accomplished a great deal, in various directions, by his quickening and inspiring influence; and yet all that he did was only the promise, as it were, of the far greater results that would have crowned his efforts had his life been prolonged.

VI.

DOMESTIC LIFE, SICKNESS, AND DEATH.

MR. WALKER once wrote, "Cheer up dear mother; tell her I nightly pray that she may live to be lodged in all the comfort, art and love can devise, under my own roof." This filial and affectionate message may be taken as one expression of the constant craving he had for beautiful surroundings, tasteful conveniences, and luxuries, which he believed in, not only as innocent enjoyments, but also as friendly aids to virtuous living, relieving the hard work, and softening the inevitable trials, of life. Limited means, the pecuniary uncertainties from which he was never wholly free, and frequent removals, thwarted his wishes, so that he only partially succeeded in realizing them. But they never died out or grew feeble; on the contrary, it was always his ambition to gratify them as fully as possible, without allowing them to betray him into any indulgence he could not afford.

During the larger part of the year 1859, he was necessarily separated from his family; and the separation was unusually trying, since it occurred during a season of sickness, sorrow,

and death, when those dependent upon him needed his constant care and sympathy, and when he was just entering upon a new and untried experiment. How keenly he felt the deprivation; how, at times, he was nearly unmanned; how he struggled to keep up a brave heart; and how tender were his feelings, is seen in these extracts from a letter written when his anxieties for those dearest to him were enough to stagger the firmest faith: —

"BOSTON, Dec. 3, 1859.

"MY DARLING WIFE, — It *is* hard that you should be deprived of the poor solace of letters from me, at a time when you need all the comfort you can have; and, whether I sleep or not, you shall have three letters next week besides this. I refrained from writing last night, because I felt rather gloomy; caused mainly, doubtless, by fatigue, for I was utterly fagged out, and compelled to go to bed at eleven. To-night I feel better, though by no means as merry as a cricket. . . . Oh, if I could be sure we were developing and confirming our characters by all these struggles and labors, it would be some stimulus, and help us better to bear the burden! Pray for me, pray for us every one; and it may be God will hear you. I do pray, night and morning, but somehow God seems further off than ever. But yet I do not and will not despair, for 'where can I go?' Your domestic anxieties and labors make me sad enough. Oh, if I could only do something for you, I would work all night!

"Dear Mary, have faith and courage; think of the happiness we have had together; remember how deeply I love you; remember that angel above, whom we hope some day to greet; remember our precious little ones below; remember life, after all, is but a breath, and heaven is eternal. There is a God of infinite power, wisdom, and love; chance does not govern, but God controls; and let us be faithful, patient, and loving, and it shall yet be well. And now, good-night; to-morrow morning I will write more. May our heavenly Father keep you and us all this night and every night.

"Sunday morning, — and what a snow-storm! What a nice day for a Sunday, if I only had your blessed presence! Most earnestly have I prayed that you may have a happy, peaceful day; and if I could only do something to insure it, I should be happier. I trust you are getting stronger. . . . I feel calmer and more hopeful this morning. I try to remember how many poor creatures, as good as I am, are suffering from cold and hunger this stormy morning, while we, thank God, are warmed and fed. I try to remember that this world is meant to be a place of struggle and effort, and so strive to labor patiently, assured that 'there is a rest.' I read last night, in some paper, that the hall of the Doges at Venice, containing one of the largest pictures in the world, is cracked, and threatens to fall; and that aroused all my longing to see these wonders of the Old World, till it seems as if I could not restrain my impatience. But then, I thank God, that though I am debarred from this exquisite gratification, and likely to be all my life (though somehow I have faith

that such longings must eventually be gratified), I thank God that I have the capacity to appreciate such things, and some book-knowledge about them; and I thank him still again that you have; and that he has given me you for a companion and wife. And we must remember, my precious wife, that if in some things we seem to be and are afflicted, we have and have had, and by God's grace shall have, some of the greatest and purest happiness mortals can know. I have said, and I reiterate it in sober earnest, that I would not resign the mere memory of our angel Lilla for all the trials, labors, and anxieties of the past seven years; and that I would not resign the anticipated bliss of meeting that precious little one again for all the labor and anxiety that could be crowded into seventy times seven years. I want to do all I can, and I will, and I think I do, do all I can to lighten your load; but I want to do more, help you to bear it; and will not these reminiscences be strengthening to you? May God grant it!" . . .

In March, 1860, Mr. Walker moved to Jamaica Plain, where he resided the last eight years of his life. Of all that he was during and before that period, under his own roof, only a part can be told out of respect to the privacies of the domestic circle.

He was an early riser, and spent an hour before breakfast in study or writing by himself; devoting another hour every evening, when not interrupted by company or engagements, to read-

ing to his wife. He started for his place of business as early as half-past seven in the morning, and was never known to be late. He daily read a chapter in the Bible, a short selection from "Thomas à Kempis," "Fenelon," Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," or other devotional work; and family prayer, which he began immediately after his marriage, was never omitted, except when there was illness in the household. On Sundays, it was his custom to be up earlier than on other days. He either took a walk, or read some religious book, or gave himself to quiet meditation; and in his devotional exercise he invoked a blessing on his minister, and earnestly asked for a listening spirit for himself and family. He did not believe it desirable for him to attend more than one service at church; giving the afternoons to mental improvement. It was his only day of leisure: and whilst he never indulged in any mere recreation, he deemed it entirely proper to try to develop and make the most of all the talents God had given him. To a friend who questioned his conduct in this respect, he said, "Have you not heard how David did eat the shew-bread, and they that were with him, and was held blameless because of their great need? So I believe that my use of holy time, which a person of more leisure ought perhaps to use exclusively for religious exercises, is not only

excusable, but commendable and worthy of imitation. I show my gratitude to God by cultivating as well as I can his gifts to me." He took delight in the day, and collected and committed to memory many hymns in praise of it. It was his habit to close the day by reading a chapter in the Bible with his wife and children, and also interesting passages from other books, illustrating Scripture history, or giving a practical lesson for daily life; this was followed by singing. He became a communicant in Albany whilst a parishioner of his beloved minister, Rev. George F. Simmons; whose invitation to partake of the Lord's Supper was extended freely to all who desired to show their gratitude to Jesus, by remembering him according to his own expressed wish.

Mr. Walker's respect for his own opinions and convictions, and his fondness for carrying out his own ideas in his own way, did not make him intolerant of the views and methods of others bound to him by the closest ties. On the contrary, he was anxious that they should enjoy the liberty of action he so much prized for himself. Even when quite sure he was right in his judgment or plans in regard to the happiness of those dear to him, he was never dictatorial; but contented himself, after gently advising a different course from the one proposed, with pleasantly

doing his own duty and leaving others to follow their own sense of right. He was never so tender and kind to those about him as when they were suffering mortification for errors of judgment or conduct. He was wont to say, "Anybody can like you when you are all right and agreeable; but it is the privilege and blessing of loving and being loved, to have love most abound when it is most needed; when we have lost our own respect in either large or small matters, and want somebody to love us back to faith in ourselves and God's love for us." It was in this kindly spirit, when the one who was nearest to him lamented faults, got discouraged, or wished to be like somebody else, that he would playfully remark, "Yes: you would be happier and more comfortable, no doubt, if you had this or that trait of character; but I don't see what right you have to expect to have all your own virtues and the virtues of everybody else. I don't know any person who has all the Christian virtues; and your share of them are the very ones I need in you." So, too, when sometimes desponding and anxious about faults in his children, he would brighten up suddenly and say, "Well, I don't know what reason we have to expect them to be angels. We are a good way from perfection; and we have had many more years to attain it than they have had." His considerateness was carried into little

things. He never found fault with household mishaps. If, for instance, a dinner that had been planned especially to give him pleasure, happened, to the annoyance of his wife, to be badly cooked or served, he would say, "No matter, Mary: we won't let the Bridgets spoil us as well as the dinner. I don't mind its being wrong half as much as I do having you troubled about it." He was a great lover of fun; and when free from care, weariness, or anxiety, was a pleasant and sportive companion; always aiming to be bright and cheerful at the table with his family. But he could not bear wasting precious time in frivolous talk, and was always very impatient of gossip about other people and other people's affairs. So decided was his aversion to every thing that approached idle tattle, that once, when they were far away from all friends and intimate acquaintances, as his wife began to relate to him something about somebody in the town, which, though not at all bad, was no concern of theirs and had no real interest for either of them, he listened quietly for a few moments, and then taking up a book said, with a pleasant smile, "I've got something here to read to you ten times as interesting as that."

Mr. Walker was not much disposed to eulogize the performances or the conduct of others. He appreciated excellence when he met with it; but

either because his standard was high, or more probably because he was accustomed to doing as faithfully as he could whatever he felt bound to do, without any idea of being commended for it, he failed fully to understand how much encouragement there is in sincere words of approval. In this respect his reticence, however accounted for, was carried too far, and involved him in a little inconsistency; for though in his self-reliance he toiled steadily on, upheld simply by the conviction that any task he undertook was a needed one, and one that he could perform, it pleased him nevertheless to have his efforts praised. He enjoyed attention that was a manifestation of regard. He wrote of a visit to an old friend, "It was worth walking three miles to receive such a welcome. Mrs. —— would have me take the most comfortable arm-chair; M. got me a foot-stool; and they were all as kindly cordial and hospitable as if my visit were a personal favor. How good God is to give us such glimpses of that 'good-will to men' which I cannot help thinking will make up a large share of the happiness of heaven." Highly, however, as he esteemed such hearty greeting, he did not often practise it. Whilst courteous and polite in manner, his hospitality was not apt to be demonstrative, except towards young people who were awkward or embarrassed.

He always observed birthdays; and when he could not afford gifts he would write little commemorative verses. He tried every year, in many trifling ways, to save a sum to meet such occasions, putting away the small treasure in a private purse kept to receive it. He took pains, in selecting his presents, to get things really beautiful, though never costly. In this and other ways his fine taste made his house so attractive, that all who saw it felt what one friend said, "I enjoy coming here; you always have something new and pretty, and the whole tone and spirit of your household adornings are high and pure; and yet they are so simple and inexpensive, that anybody of moderate means could have them. These little things are, in themselves, an education of children." With a constant ambition to better his condition, Mr. Walker had a contented heart. He was always thankful for the comforts and enjoyments of his lot, frequently saying to his wife, "I don't know any two people that get more happiness out of this life than we do." To his children in their babyhood* he was the most devoted and caressing of lovers, and as they grew older he delighted in their unfolding intelligence. Without being foolishly indulgent, he was ready to do any thing to give them pleasure, and to make any sacri-

* Mary Browne, his third daughter and fifth child, was born at Jamaica Plain, Sept. 11, 1864.

fices for their real welfare. If they were sick or in pain, he was tenderness itself. Such love won love; and when they were ill, the welcome words, "Father has come," were like a tonic. His affection for his home grew day by day, and seemed to be all the stronger and warmer for the frequent absences business or official duties required. On one of the last nights previous to his illness, his conversation was full of plans for the comfort and recreation of his wife during the coming year. He thought she had been kept at home too much, and been overburdened with responsibility, and he spoke of various arrangements to give her relief, and enable her to accompany him on his various excursions; saying to her, "Oh, if I only had the means, it would be the delight of my life to show you how much I want to do for you and the children!"

Mr. Walker, in his private affairs, was a strict economist, and never extravagant. Throughout the sixteen years of his married life, he never bought any thing he could not pay for. Much as he thought of the propriety and moral effect of being well dressed, he often wore poorer clothes than any one in his employ; because he would not run in debt for any thing he was not sure he could afford to buy. To a friend, reduced from affluence to comparative poverty, who spoke of the mortification it was to have to practise little

out-of-sight economies, he replied, "I know it is unpleasant; but a man can never be quite sure of his manliness until he is stripped of the moral support of comfortable and respectable belongings, and obliged to make shifts to get along. If he can do that with self-respecting dignity and naturalness, he may thank God for putting good stuff into him."

In speaking of Mr. Walker's more private relations, it would be an omission not to allude to his friendships. Like many men of a similar undemonstrative nature, when his affections found utterance they were strong and tenacious in proportion to his usual reserve; and if he appeared cold and reticent to mere acquaintances, there was no want of frankness and ardor in his intercourse with those who enjoyed his esteem and love. Slow as he generally was to form intimacies, there were many who had his warm regard and were trusted with his entire confidence. He once wrote an essay on "Idols," in which he insisted on the benefit of having them among the heroes and martyrs of the past and among the living as helping in various ways our own moral culture. In accordance with this idea he was attracted towards persons of quite widely differing characteristics; seeing, valuing, and benefiting by their diversity of gifts. This eclectic tendency was quite strikingly shown in two

of his strongest attachments outside the circle of his kindred. His intercourse and correspondence with Mr. William G. Wise — to whom so many of the letters quoted in this volume were addressed — was uninterrupted from his early manhood. This gentleman was among the first to welcome him to Lowell, and the acquaintance which then began soon ripened into confidential and unreserved intimacy. Mr. Walker often spoke of his strong will, resolute self-denial, thorough loyalty and devotion to truth, friends, and country, as a perpetual inspiration and example. He confided to him all his hopes and fears, his pleasures and pains, and from first to last found in him a true, faithful, and sympathetic counsellor and companion. With the Rev. S. H. Winkley — a friend of another type — he had a rare communion of soul, as well as a constant, genial converse; and would enthusiastically say of him, "When I am with Winkley, I feel as if it were the easiest thing in life to say, 'Thy will be done,' and as if the kingdom we pray for were already here. He is a real blessing to me. The only thing I wonder at when I am with him, is, that God, who can do all things, has not made a thousand Winkleys, and so hastened the coming of his kingdom all over the earth." These are but two out of numerous instances that might be adduced to show how

earnest and affectionate Mr. Walker's nature was when fully moved to its depths, and when its finest sensibilities were quickened to action by his appreciation of qualities in others for which he had an affinity, and from which he felt that he could gain comfort and strength.

Mr. Walker's love and care for his family did not make him forgetful or negligent of his responsibilities to the Church, or to the immediate community, of which he was a member. He looked upon these as a part of his home-life. How well he met and discharged them, and how all his work on earth was suddenly brought to a close, can be best told in the words of one who knew him intimately, and was a fellow-laborer with him as a Christian teacher of the young, — even if doing so involves slight repetitions of what has already been said of his methods and purposes: —

"His influence in the Sunday school, of which he was Superintendent, was the direct result of his own pure, devout, religious nature, and of his earnest desire to arouse the faith and love that he believed lay dormant in every young heart. He thoroughly believed in the value of the Sunday school as a means to this end, and worked for it and in it with a devotion that sprang from his earnest conviction of its importance. He was not rigid in enforcing any set rules in the school, and seldom spoke to the scholars about the details

of their conduct; and, indeed, it was not needed. When asked once at some conference, how he kept order and secured such good behavior among the children, he said he did not know; he could not expect a hundred or more children to sit motionless and interested for an hour, but he thought they did behave pretty well. He added, with a smile, 'There is something in the air of the place.' This was true; and would have been true of any school of which he had the charge. His calm, reverent reading of the opening service won the children's attention; his cheerful, pleasant voice, and simple, direct manner, gave an added power to his earnest words. He did not always speak to the children after the service; and when he did, his addresses were very short, — sometimes a few words of instruction drawn from the events of the past week, the death of a great and good man, or some anniversary of the Christian Church; but, more often, they were lessons on a religious or moral principle. One winter, for several Sundays in succession, he asked questions of the whole school about the Old Testament; and, by his few words of explanation, he made the sequence of events, and the constant care of God for the chosen people, a real and living interest. At another time, he proposed to the children to write the names by which Christ was called in the Bible; and was much gratified by the many long

lists brought in. Mr. Walker's heart was in this work, not only on Sunday mornings, when the young faces looked up to him, but in his daily life. Whatever touched and interested him, and could be made of use to the children, was remembered and brought forward at the right time. In his intercourse with the teachers, he allowed great liberty of action in the management of their classes. He wished them to keep the highest standard before them, and believed that each one must try to attain it in his or her own way. On the same principle, he did not like a fixed number of children for each class, saying that one teacher might be full of work with four pupils, while another could enjoy, manage, and teach twice that number.

"Nothing could be more delightful and attractive than Mr. Walker's presence on all festive and anniversary occasions. His long business-days in Boston prevented him from taking an active part in preparation, beyond conducting the evening meetings and arranging committee work; but when the day arrived, and he came in early, the teachers were a thousand times repaid by his quick sympathy and his thorough appreciation of their efforts. He entered into the life and spirit of such occasions, whether it was a church service, a Christmas-tree, or a fair for missionary purposes, with all the ardor and enthusiasm of his

nature; and his sympathies went out freely to young and old. Behind the immediate gratification of the hour and the day, and the direct instruction and pleasure for the children, there was always in his mind the profound conviction that whatever tended to the religious growth and strength of the Sunday school promoted the vigor and life of the Church.

"Mr. Walker's great success in the Sunday School interested in him personally, not only the teachers, but the parents of the children; and he became, each year, more and more known and appreciated in Dr. Thompson's parish. He was always ready and eager to do more than his full share in any benevolent and social enterprise, believing that work in common was a strong bond of union in a Church. Although he was not especially adapted to social pleasures early in life, his entire readiness to help every good project, and his quick sympathy for the young, overcame his natural reserve; and none entered more heartily than he did into parish meetings for social work and enjoyment. At about the same time that Mr. Walker became superintendent of the Sunday school, he was chosen a member of the West Roxbury School Committee. His public spirit and desire to see education conducted in the best possible manner, with full justice to both teachers and scholars, induced

him to give many hours of faithful labor to the public schools, especially while holding the office of chairman of the committee. Here he met new and old friends, and added another to the many ties which were making him a valued citizen. The Base-ball Club, already referred to, invited him to become their president in the winter of 1867–68; and the Andrew Fraternity of Dr. Thompson's church was started by him, and drew its life and spirit from his kind heart and earnest benevolence.

"Mr. Walker was probably never happier than during the last winter of his life. His Sunday-school Society work was growing under his hands into a shape and proportion that promised a rich harvest in the future. In his home, he always found peace and happiness; and in the neighborhood, his many interests and devoted labors were constantly winning for him ever-increasing love and respect. That he was too occupied, and too modest also, fully to understand this, did not prevent his having some comprehension of it, especially with regard to the young people, whose confidence in him touched and pleased him greatly.

"During the winter he suffered much from severe and long-continued colds and coughs, but worked on through weakness and fatigue, with only occasional rests of one or two days,

when absolutely unable to sit up. In January and February he took more care of himself, yielding a little to the earnest entreaties of his wife and friends; and it was hoped that his cough was better. But another severe cold brought on an attack of pneumonia. Dismay filled the hearts of his friends at the first alarm; for all knew his delicate condition, and that he was ill-prepared to meet any sudden attack of disease. He was taken ill Friday evening, Feb. 28; but it was not generally known until Sunday morning. Then, in Sunday school and church, were many anxious faces and prayers to God for his safety and life. Through a long fortnight, hope alternated with fear in the hearts of those watching and caring for him. Even in the early days of his illness, he was but little able to talk; but was full of love and gratitude to those who ministered to him. 'Tell ——,' he said, 'that I *feel* his great kindness, and hope some day to be able to tell him so.' 'Tell —— that if I do any thing against the doctor's wishes, or what is thought best for me, it is because I am powerless to control myself.' 'Kneel and pray for me, Mary; that is all I can hold on to now, the thought that God is doing his will with me.' One day, when his mind wandered slightly, he said, 'The idea of lying in bed and being fed with grapes and oranges in a world of so much

want and sin and misery! You have always helped me to do all the good I could; and now, Mary, are you going to change and be selfish, and make me so?' The weary days went on, and the feeble hand and tongue were less and less able to express his faith and love, until the morning of Sunday, March 15, 1868, the day of all the week that he loved best, God gave him rest.

"'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'

"His works, indeed, follow him, and live after him. Strong men wept, women's hearts ached, and little children were touched with a strange, new sense of loss and pain, when they understood that the pleasant voice would never greet and pray for them again, the kind heart never devise more works of faith and love. Then they remembered, with gratitude to God, how much had been given them in having had such a friend and teacher, and promised to themselves and to each other that his good words and deeds should be held in loving remembrance.

"The sorrow was not limited to one neighborhood and church, but spread through the community. Mr. Walker's illness had shown how deep was the sense of his worth; for never did man receive more constant and touching proofs of love and devotion. Day and night, watchers and

friends waited and begged for opportunities of service."

To this sketch may properly be added the tribute of his pastor, who found in Mr. Walker an ever-ready helper: —

"Mr. Walker's influence and usefulness are not to be measured, certainly not limited, by what he was and did in the Sunday school. He loved all the institutions of the Church, and gave to them warm and earnest support. He had an elevated sense of the proprieties of the house of worship; and, when he entered it, this was manifested in his calm, thoughtful, reverential demeanor. The spirit of the place took possession of his soul at once, and spread over his face a peculiar loveliness, a charming illumination. He was never ashamed to be recognized as a devout man, accustomed 'by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to make known his requests unto God.' No work, no word, by which he could bear testimony to the value of Christian truth, to the worth of a Christian character, to the goodness and love of God, or to the obligations of man as his child, was ever willingly withheld by him. Far beyond his strength he entered into every undertaking which had for its object the building up of the Church in the grace of the gospel, or the giving of loftier aims to men, to be followed by a nobler life. Such an

example could not fail to communicate to others something of that which was its own inspiration. Men, occupied as he was in secular concerns, saw how well it became him, while 'diligent in business,' to be 'fervent also in spirit, serving the Lord;' and it is believed that not a few in the congregation with which he was connected were drawn simply by the power of his winning example, by the freedom and cheerfulness with which he gave to religion its proper place in his observance, by the simplicity, the sweet sincerity, which he exhibited as a living member of the Church, to inquire whether that which had been attained by him ought not, at least, to be attempted by them.

"Mr. Walker wanted to have some good thing going on in the parish always. He believed in keeping its members at work, and all the time wide-awake. In such activity he had found great satisfaction all his life; and he wished his friends and fellow-parishioners to share both the work and the pleasure with him. In many things this longing of his heart was gratified; and faithful and devoted coadjutors were multiplying around him, causing them who prayed for the peace of Jerusalem greatly to rejoice."

The gathering at the funeral, on the afternoon of Wednesday, March the 18th, was an impressive evidence of the esteem in which Mr. Walker

was held. The local and other associations to which he belonged, many of the clergy, his fellow-townsmen, and the children of the Sunday school, together with kindred and friends, filled the Unitarian Church. A profusion of flowers, crosses, and wreaths, covered the casket, and, with other floral emblems, the suggestive and consoling offerings of affection, took away all gloom from the sad occasion, and responded to the conviction of those who mourned that "the Christian cannot die before his time." The services consisted of a chant by the choir; prayers by the first and the last pastor of the deceased, Revs. Drs. A. P. Peabody and J. W. Thompson; the reading of singularly appropriate selections from the Bible by Rev. T. J. Mumford, his predecessor as secretary of the Sunday-school Society; a tender and trustful address by Rev. S. H. Winkley; and hymns sung by the children, — one of which, a favorite with Mr. Walker, had been for years a part of the Sunday evening worship of his home.

Mr. Walker's family received from the various organizations with which he had been connected, from numerous friends, and even from entire strangers, tokens of sincere sympathy, accompanied by the fullest recognitions of his personal worth and valuable services. When it became known that they were left without resources, the tributes to his memory took the substantial form

of liberal gifts for their maintenance, and especially for the education of his children. Besides the general subscription, there was one peculiarly grateful from the booksellers of Boston, joined by members of the trade in other places, as it showed not only their respect for Mr. Walker's general character, but also their confidence, notwithstanding his business misfortunes, in his integrity as a merchant. Then there was a touching significance in the contributions from the children and teachers, far and near, who had felt his cheering presence and inspiring influence.

When it was understood that it had been a cherished hope of Mr. Walker to be able some day to own a lot at Forest Hills, the desire of many to have the last resting-place of his body in the town with whose best interests he had so identified himself, was at once most appropriately carried out. A circular was addressed to Sunday schools proposing to them the execution of the suggested memorial. The response was prompt and generous. The donations included the hard-earned pennies of the colored children in a Richmond hospital, and the scanty savings of children in the distant West. The sum collected was nearly nine hundred dollars. A lot was secured in the beautiful Cemetery, situated on an eminence on Snow Drop Path near Magnolia Avenue, from which there is a prospect of a large portion

In Thee O God do I put my trust
JAMES P. WALKER.
MARCH 13, 1829. MARCH 15, 1868

of the consecrated grounds, and the Blue Hills in the distance. On this spot, October, 1868, a white marble cross was erected, on the arms of which are these words: "IN THEE, O GOD, DO I PUT MY TRUST." On the front of the base is the name JAMES P. WALKER, with the dates, March 19, 1829, March 15, 1868; and, on two other sides, the inscriptions, "REMEMBERING WITHOUT CEASING YOUR WORK OF FAITH AND LABOR OF LOVE." "ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY BY MANY SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN." At the foot of the cross is his grave, and next to that the graves of his children, Lilla and Harry, whose remains, with the headstones chosen by him, were removed from Portsmouth.

Mr. Walker counted among his happiest efforts the mass meeting of Sunday schools at the Music Hall in Boston, during the Anniversary Week of 1867; and those who were present on that interesting occasion will remember with what delight he welcomed and addressed the happy congregation of more than a thousand children. The next year, not many weeks after his death, the Sunday schools again met, and he was not forgotten, as the address — only a brief abstract of which can now be recalled — of the Rev. S. H. Winkley so truly testified.

"A cross is always a beautiful thing, expressing both sorrow and joy; and this one here before you, with its letters J. P. W. in royal purple, as

they should be, to commemorate *him*,— this beautiful cross is touched with a tenderer sorrow and a new beam of light and life. It speaks of one who is enshrined in your hearts and in mine. People say that he is dead; and it is true that the remains of his mortal body are put away from our sight,— but *he lives!* His soul that loved you, children, and thought and worked for you, is alive, a thousand times alive, glowing with a heavenly, immortal life. And love follows him. It shows itself in the thousands that are gathering for the good of his family, the purest stream of money-giving that ever flowed; still more in the little gifts, coppers brought in, perhaps, by the self-denying remembrance of children, who are determined that an enduring monument shall be raised to the memory of the superintendent, secretary, friend, whom they prized and honored. And shall we think that all this devotion and gratitude is now unknown to him? Can we believe that in heaven he forgets those for whom he did so much so short a time since? Ah, no! Rather let us believe that his spirit, as a ministering angel, is hovering over us. If ever a presence is granted to us here, if a heavenly soul looks down upon those once loved, surely we may feel that his spirit is with us here and now.

"Have you, friends, who knew him in the familiar ways of daily life, when you met him

after one of his absences from home, seen the beaming eye, felt the warm pressure of the hand, known and understood how his heart overflowed with the pleasure of welcome, and of having been remembered? Then you can feel, as I do, how this love and remembrance may add a joy even to his soul in heaven.

"If our dear brother were suddenly to be restored to us, were to stand here on this platform as he did last year, and we were asked if we loved him, with what a thrill would our hearts respond! Shall we not continue to love one who so much loved us, — to think of him with the dear Jesus and the Father, until we can all rise with him to the better life, when we will join the triumphant songs of praise, see our dear Saviour, crown him Lord of all, and be for ever with the blest and happy!"

VII.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER.

MR. WALKER was of medium height; slender, but well formed; easy and active in his movements. His constitution was delicate. Though not to be regarded as an invalid, he was frequently ill, and seldom enjoyed the buoyant sensations of robust health. Something of weariness and lassitude was often observable in his bearing when he was not stirred by strong emotion. Such, at least, was the impression of those who met him in the later years of his life. He seemed frail, and yet the vitality of his physical system was so great, and its recuperative force so strong, that even when he was seriously attacked, his friends were not easily alarmed. Indeed, the instances had been so many of his recovery from severely threatening diseases, that it was difficult, in spite of the fatal symptoms, to realize the certain approach of his last hours. Much of this seeming vigor of body was owing to a strength of will which kept him on his feet, hard at work, and cheerful, when others in his condition would have felt justified in seeking entire rest as inmates of the sick-room. The special charm in Mr. Walker's appearance was his fine and handsome face. The

cast of his features was regular, and of the Grecian type. Quite a mass of dark chestnut hair was parted over his fair forehead. His grayish hazel eyes were full of light; and his whole countenance beamed with animation when he spoke, or was moved by earnest feeling. Generally, his look was serious, and not unfrequently sad and pensive; but gleams of joy or humor would often break through and banish his thoughtfulness, and there was a winning sweetness in his smile never to be forgotten by those who were greeted with it. It may be truly said that his expression was gentle, spiritual, — even saintly, without, however, connecting with these terms any idea of effeminacy or want of manliness, inasmuch as the lines indicating his resoluteness were as visible as those that told of his tenderness. In him the outward man embodied and represented the inward man, as if the soul had in its supremacy exercised a transfiguring power over the flesh.

The leading and ruling traits of Mr. Walker's character have already been directly or incidentally presented in the foregoing pages. Still, in closing this biographical sketch, it may be well to recur to them briefly, and, by bringing them together in one view, show still more distinctly what manner of man he was, and wherein lay the secret of his influence and the worth of his example.

He himself accurately measured and estimated his intellectual abilities. If not a profound, he was a clear and careful, thinker; and what he may have wanted in mental brilliancy and quickness, was supplied by good sense and persevering study. His mind was well balanced: free from eccentricities, and without any tendency to extravagance or extremes. He believed in progress, was ever ready to candidly consider and frankly accept new views, on any subject, when convinced of their soundness; but, in forming his opinions, he was as cautious as he was steadfast in holding them. Mere speculations had no great attraction for him. He preferred to ascertain facts, rather than indulge in theories; his decided bent was towards the practical. This he thus expressed in writing to a friend: "I think I realize more fully every year that life is a fight, and that most victories are to be gained by sieges rather than assaults; but I have been so intensely absorbed in the present, have always had right under my hand so much work, of so many sorts, requiring to be done now, that I have been little given either to castle-building or retrospect. So I suppose I have lost some pleasant visions on the one hand, and have been saved some despondent hours on the other." He had no fear, however, of the freest inquiry; and he was much more in sympathy with those eagerly

pressing forward, than with those holding back or stationary in the theological, moral, and social discussions of the day. Keeping his own beliefs well defined, his mind was ever receptive; and he followed unhesitatingly whatever commended itself to him as truth.

There was an æsthetic quality in Mr. Walker's mental constitution. His naturally good taste was carefully cultivated, as opportunities offered; and his preferences and criticisms were indicative of an aversion to all that was coarse, and a quick affinity for all that was beautiful. His fondness for lovely and grand scenery and for works of art was quite marked. This was shown in the memoranda found among his papers in which he had made a list of all the remarkable places and all the fine pictures or statues it had been his privilege to visit and see. In a word, no one could be in his company, or even casually meet him, without feeling that his refinement was so entire and sensitive as to make him in his sympathies and his antipathies exceedingly fastidious.

It can hardly be said that Mr. Walker was, in his original disposition, or spontaneously, agreeable and genial. So far as correctness of conduct and the observance of the rules of a strict morality went, he was every way estimable in his youth. But he had his faults and weaknesses. He was self-conscious, captious, quick-tempered, and

sometimes yielded to sudden and even hot impulses. At one time, before he had grappled with life's sterner realities, he was so enamored with the notion of the supreme importance of intellectual advancement, that he was unconsciously drifting into a selfish use of time in his too exclusive efforts to attain it. But he speedily sought to correct this error, when he became aware of its existence, and the possible neglect it might involve towards others in whose mental culture, as well as his own, he ought to be interested.

These defects lingered in him after his truer and finer development began; but they were kept subdued, and were almost lost sight of, as the graces of his Christian disposition and Christian devotedness multiplied. If, in his pride, he was slow to justify himself when misread or misunderstood; if, in his self-reliance, he failed to be lavish of praise, and was hardly generous in commendation of others; if, in his reserve, there were times when he neither sought nor gave helpful sympathy, — the unfolding of his religious sentiments, the quickening of his enlightened conscience, and his solemn, ever-present feeling of responsibleness in the ruling of his own spirit and in his relations to his fellow-men, were constantly asserting and giving ascendancy and sovereignty to all that was highest, truest, and best in him.

He was not, as some seem to be, constitutionally, or by temperament, Christian, — at least, so far as the passive virtues and natural amiability are concerned. In many respects, possibly it should be said in most respects, he trained himself to be what he was in his maturity; for, without being or professing to be, an ascetic, he was unquestionably a rigid self-disciplinarian, and no one probably, save himself, knew what it cost him to make habitual the virtues that were so conspicuous in his ever onward and upward career. With him, to accept a principle was to enthrone it in his own soul: to believe in a precept or a doctrine, was to put it into practice. His simple and yet comprehensive creed was, that true faith is to be shown and true peace to be won by obedience. To the numerous proofs already given of his daily endeavor to live up to that creed, another, not before specially alluded to, may be added here, in further illustration of his efforts to be faithful. He attained to an unusual degree the power of literally following the injunction, "forgetting the things that are behind." It is said of him that he was often conscious of serious mistakes after plans which he had strenuously sought to execute had been defeated; and, when asked if he did not wish that he had acted otherwise, his reply would be, "Of course I desired a different result; but I have nothing to reproach myself

with. I did not decide on the course to be pursued until I had looked at the matter carefully with all the light and knowledge vouchsafed me then; and, having as it were sailed past, and got where I can see another side and with another light, it would be wrong to spend time in regretting. I had rather use my strength in working in the future than in lamenting the past." And so, calmly resigned to the inevitable failure, he would turn to new projects as heartily as if the disappointment had been a complete success. Thus, also, it was in his religious culture. He deemed it wrong to indulge in vain or useless repentance. If it were urged that all persons were not so happily constituted as he was, that it was not every one who could leave his sins behind and press on without a season of penitential sorrow, his answer would be, "We cannot do this wholly of ourselves, of course; and yet everybody can do much more than they would believe possible before they had tried. They must say, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me,' and then try."

It is in this persistent struggle to be ever growing better, and ever making himself more useful to others, even more than in the rare excellence he attained, that is to be found the foremost claim of Mr. Walker's character to respect and love. As we read of his ceaseless toil, brave endurance

of adversity, resignation under bereavements, anxiety for the happiness of his home, unwearied efforts for the religious culture of the young, and unhesitating readiness to do whatever his heart prompted or his hands found to do for the advantage of the Church and the community, — as we read of all this, remembering how worn, sad, and tempted to despond, if not to despair, he must often have been, we begin to understand how much he made of himself, and how much he accomplished in a life that was as crowded with difficulties, profound experiences, brave and loving deeds, as it was comparatively brief in years; and so we are prepared to see the twofold lesson which his life teaches.

It was a noble illustration of success in non-success, — as the world counts success. In the getting of this world's goods, it was a failure; in its triumph over adverse circumstances, it was a grand victory. No one thinks now of its external misfortunes. All who knew of it honor it as a manifestation of the power of character. He approved himself to all who were familiar with his work and word, his high aims and purposes, a bright example among those who have fought the good fight. For with him it was a fight. He bore his cross, and he gained his crown, by earnest striving. Much there was in his nature attractive and beautiful; and this was prized and enjoyed.

But he will be chiefly remembered for the beauty of holiness he obtained by the self-discipline and devotion to right which were enforced and guided by an ever-deepening religious faith. Believing in God and man and goodness, he did a believer's work, and has gone to receive a believer's reward.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADDRESSES.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADDRESSES.

HOME.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT ALBANY, N.Y.

"BUFFALO, Sunday, March 25, 1855.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN, — While at the ringing of the Sabbath-morning bells you were gathering as usual at our little church, I was seated in my room, a stranger in a strange city, some hundred miles away, and thinking how pleasant it would be to join you in your services, according to our custom. That being impossible, it occurred to me that the next best thing would be to write you a little letter, which, as I must necessarily be absent another Sunday or two, would at least serve to remind you that you are not forgotten by me in my absence from you. And I should be glad if it might be in my power to add to this assurance some simple lesson which would be remembered by some of you, possibly with profit. What shall it be? I'll tell you. Let me say something to you of what naturally occupies my present thoughts; and that is, the pleasures and comforts of home.

"'Home, sweet home;
There is no place like home,'

are the words of the song so often sung with but little thought of their full meaning. I have never travelled

far, but I have wandered much, and have seen many of God's wonderful works and man's marvellous devices, but I never turned my foot homeward without a warmer bound of the heart than before stirred it. Children are apt to undervalue the comforts and enjoyments of the family circle, and to fancy it must be fine to be at large, with freedom and means to move continually over the world, and they think they should never tire of such a life, nor sigh for the home, 'be it ever so humble,' which they have quitted. No mistake is greater, if you have lived in such a manner as to make home happy; and if you have not, you will find little joy or peace anywhere. And how is home to be made happy? In the first place, be always courteous and kind at home. We are apt to lose our respect for those with whom we associate every day, or to think it matters very little whether we are polite to father or mother, sister or brother. This is a great error, because you will find that in spite of yourself the habit of thoughtless, unkind, or coarse speech, if indulged at home, will adhere to you everywhere; and still more, because you are thereby striking a fatal blow at that peace, good feeling, and harmony at home, which go to make it a place to be cherished in your memory and affections. Cultivate feelings of unselfishness; don't always strive for the largest and best for yourself. Give place to your elders, because they are older than you, and be considerate towards the younger, because it is unmanly and ungenerous to take advantage of those less experienced than yourself. Cultivate also a fondness for books, and other refined and quiet pleasures, and depend upon

it, home will never be insipid or dull; and whatever may be your lot in life, you will always have a fountain of happiness within, which no circumstances, adverse or otherwise, can dry up.

"Good-by, children. 'Be good, and you will be happy.' Your sincere friend,

"JAMES P. WALKER."

THE TORCH-RACE.

DELIVERED AT THE JAMAICA-PLAIN SUNDAY SCHOOL, 1862.

MANY centuries ago the Greeks were accustomed to observe, once a year, a festival, called the Torch-Race.

Young men, who were trained as runners, carried lighted torches swiftly through the air for a certain distance, and he was the winner who first reached the goal with his light undimmed. This race was one of the most exciting and interesting of ancient times. The men needed, not only practice in running, but careful preparation for the management of their lights, which were candles protected as far as possible by sockets, but still exposed to the wind. Imagine two young men just starting off with their lights, eager and ambitious to run the race! How carefully would they shield their torches from the breeze; how steadily would they pursue their course, undaunted by the shouts of their companions, or by any of the distractions of the way; and with what delight would he, who first reached the goal with his light still burning, receive his prize!

I have described this remarkable race, children, because between it and the race of life upon which you have just entered, are so many resemblances, that if you heed them, the narration will not prove unprofitable to you.

You are just entering on the race of life. Our heavenly Father has placed in each of your hearts the light of innocence and purity, and it is his desire and purpose that you should carry this light unextinguished and undimmed to the goal, which is life's close. Now this is not so easy a matter. Just as the Athenian racer was met at every turn by gusts of wind, breezes, or currents, you will be met by the gusts of passion and desire, the breezes of appetite, and the insinuating currents of temptation.

Let us picture two of you trying to run this race, just as we imagined two of the Grecian youths running their race. One starts forward with his torch burning bright and clear. His heart is pure and innocent; he has no thought of wrong or evil, and is fully intent upon reaching the goal with his light shining brightly as when he started. He has the protection of a happy home to guard his light at starting, and no lack of kind friends to direct, warn, and encourage him. He starts with confidence, and speeds bravely on. The gusts of passion assail his light, but he skilfully shields it and bounds forward. The circling eddies and currents play about his light, and tempt him to tarry awhile, until they shall have swept by, — the temptation of idleness. The strong north wind of adversity tries hard to put out his light of pure and trusting innocence; the drip-

ping showers of disappointment tax all his powers to keep his light burning clear. And in all these contests, he succeeds, perhaps, by using great skill and care. But the hurrying tread of his companions in the race eager to win, kindles his ambition, and he hastens onward, for the moment forgetting his great duty, and his light flutters and loses some of its brilliancy. He catches up with his companions, however, and is greatly elated; and now almost he has reached the goal, when, unmindful of the unevenness of his path, he trips over the little stumbling-block of pride, falls, and if he does not lose his light altogether, it sadly loses its clearness and brightness.

Another starts on the race, less favored in friends or helpers. His progress is slow and difficult. His efforts to keep his light burning are constant and laborious, and they have need to be; for it seems as if he were assailed by every wind that blows; every form of temptation, every obstacle, every allurement to draw his attention from his precious light. His easy, good nature, makes the necessary exertion hard; but he perseveres. His torch flutters and flares; it grows dim and faint, and seems on the point of expiring. His fellows in the race hasten by him, adding to his difficulties. But he plods on, under all these discouragements, still keeping his light burning, and at last reaches the goal, and in joy perceives his light brighten and shine resplendent.

Now, children, how have you succeeded so far? Have the cautions and warnings of kind parents and friends, and the protection of Sunday school and chapel,

been sufficient to enable you to protect your God-given possession of purity and innocence from the blasts of passion, the tempting allurements of seemingly pleasant vice, the fearful eddy of falsehood, the stumbling-blocks of ambition, envy, and pride? If you have succeeded, God be praised. But it is not enough to simply keep your light from going out: it should burn brighter and brighter; it should shine out clearly, so that other boys and girls, and men and women, seeing its radiance, may be kept in the path and guided back again if they have wandered away.

The game I described to you was celebrated by the ancient Greeks. Had it been invented by Christians, it would have had one other feature, I think. If one of the racers should stumble, or from any other cause, his light should decline and go out, the runner nearest him should lend his aid to recover his falling step and relight his torch. And he should have been considered victor in the race who helped the greatest number, whenever he might arrive at the goal. That is the Christian idea.

"Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford
And feel his brother's care."

And this is the surest way, if not the only sure way, of keeping our own hearts pure and our lives sinless.

When the celebrated bishop and martyr, Latimer, was condemned to be burned at the stake, three centuries ago, as the flames began to rise around him with

their fierce heat, the good man, calm and firm, turned to his companion in the fiery trial and said, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." And they did! And such candles are lighted, children, at all sacrifices of self or selfishness. When you overcome a wicked habit, or sacrifice a wrong appetite or passion; when you burn up the dross of idleness, or of envy, or of impatience, or of complaint and fretfulness, you light a candle which helps you know not who or how many others to walk in safety and security, while at the same time your own happiness and purity are secured.

In Scotland, during the season of its wars, it was customary to erect on the various heights throughout the portion of the country where danger threatened, heaps of combustibles. At the first alarm, one of these heaps was fired as a signal light or beacon. It was seen by watching eyes on another height, and a second beacon fire streamed up towards heaven. This warned a third, and that in turn a fourth, and so one after another the hill-tops gleamed the warning by which the country was roused, the invader repulsed, and peace and happiness preserved.

Now we are always at war, children, in this world, — at war with sin. And if, at every approach of the invader, temptation, each of us relight his signal-fire of pure resolve, such a band of beacon lights would encircle the world that all efforts of the tempter would be foiled and beaten back, and we should grow old in innocence and purity.

Let this be to-day's lesson. Keep bright your lamp of truthfulness, honesty, purity, and innocence. Remember the Greek torch-race, and let it remind you of the race of life, where heaven is our goal, and the love and approval of God, our Father, our inestimable reward.

GOD IN HIS WORKS.

DELIVERED TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT JAMAICA PLAIN.

No season is more appropriate for the service in which we have just united, than spring or early summer, when Nature, awakening as it were from her winter's slumber, re-arrays herself in garments of ever-renewing beauty. The subject of this service, "God in his works," is one peculiarly appropriate for Sunday-school instruction.

Next to the Bible, from whence we draw the principles of love to God and man, I would have oftenest unfolded the great book of nature, where we behold evidences of the omnipotence and omniscience of him who "is from everlasting to everlasting." The character in which we most love to present God, is that of our "Father in heaven." Truly to appreciate the value of the possession of such a parent, we may profitably consider "the heavens the work of his hand, and the earth which he has made."

Did you ever try to form a conception of the immensity of God's creation? Did you ever ascend a lofty eminence, and, casting your eye over the landscape stretched out at your feet for miles in extent, consider

how trifling a portion it formed of the surface of this immense globe? So immense that mountains lofty enough, as are the Himalaya, to be seen at a distance of two hundred and forty-four miles, are no more in comparison to its bulk than is a pebble in comparison to the bulk of these mountains. Then look off amid the other worlds by which ours is surrounded; fix your thoughts on the sun, so distant that a locomotive, travelling at the rate of thirty miles an hour, would require five hundred years to reach it from this earth. And the stars, so much farther off, that it would require, at the same speed, more centuries to reach them than I shall venture to state.

Having thus endeavored to expand the mind sufficiently to grasp feebly some idea of the immensity of space, let us for a moment turn to the opposite extreme, and consider the minuteness of some portions of God's creation. As the telescope enables us to penetrate far into the mysteries of illimitable space, so does the microscope reveal the earth teeming with life in every part.

In a single drop of water, there have been counted the enormous number of 500,000 living insects. Now reflect that "He at whose command the stars stand in their order," who fills the earth with good, without whose knowledge "not even a sparrow falls to the ground," and who sustains life in those myriads of insects, is your heavenly Father; endeavor, I say, to realize this, and you are then in a proper state to learn of your relation and duties to Him.

For another reason would I wish your attention might

often be pointed to the wonders and glories of nature. It is that the love of the beautiful may be cultivated within you; a sentiment among the earliest to develop itself with proper training, and which often outlasts the physical and mental powers. This world contains much of disappointment; few who start on the journey of life acquire the comforts and luxuries which it is their ambition to obtain. Circumstances and accidents prevent. But our heavenly Father has spread in profusion all around us beauties which all the ingenuity and art of man could not produce; and bestowed upon us, at the price only of cultivation, means of enjoyment which all the wealth and treasures of the world could not procure. "Behold the lilies of the field; even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" Consider the beauty of earth's grassy covering; no loom ever furnished a carpet so fair. Mark the buds of spring, the blossoms of summer, and the golden fruit of autumn. Give heed to the murmuring water, as it flows gently along the river bed, or rushes angrily with tumultuous speed, or is lashed into fury by the gale. Look upon the tall, leafy tree-tops, whether rustling in the gentle breeze, or bending before the furious blast; do this, and if you fail to realize that God, who is alike in the sunshine and the storm, will, though he send the chilling blast of earthly sorrow, yet "shield us from its power," I know not in what words to present the fact.

I pity most sincerely the human being who can gaze upon these objects, and then turn to the golden sun, the silver moon, and the "stars like diamonds in the sky,"

without holier, happier feelings, and a more exalted idea of human life. At no age are you too young to commence the cultivation of this admiration of the wonders of the universe, and no place is more appropriate for doing it than the Sunday school. Strive, therefore, so to improve your advantages here, that when you shall go forth hence, you shall carry with you a possession which, under any earthly circumstances, can afford you pleasure unalloyed, and a happiness of more than earthly kind, and prepare you finally to enjoy in its fulness that mansion "not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

CHARACTER.

DELIVERED AT THE CHAPEL OF THE CHILDREN'S MISSION, ELIOT STREET, ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, THE SECOND YEAR OF THE WAR, 1863.

I SUPPOSE there is hardly a boy here so young, or even a girl, as not to know that gold is at a premium; that is, if one of you had a dollar in gold, and another a dollar bill, the boy with the gold dollar could buy half as much more bread, or candy, or whatever else he wanted, as the boy could with his paper dollar, though a year ago one was as good to spend as the other. I know a little fellow only six years old, who, among his other possessions, is the owner of a gold dollar; and for some time he has been urging his mother to sell his dollar, that he may have another dollar to keep, and fifty or sixty cents to spend at a certain soldiers' fair in which he is interested. He understands practically that gold

is at a premium, if he does not know just what the word means.

Now you naturally enough wonder why gold is worth more than it was a year or two ago; and I will try to tell you some of the reasons. You know the nation is at war. You know it well, for this Chapel is well represented in the field and camp. This being at war involves the nation in great expense, and upsets all our business plans. It interferes with our work, it makes people realize how uncertain all things are, it makes them doubt every thing, and question how we are coming out. Some persons fear that all is going to ruin; they fear that their property will become of no value, that their houses will not be let, that their merchandise will not be sold; and so they are eager to get hold of something which is valuable and will not rust nor wear away nor burn up, and which is considered valuable all over the world, and will buy whatever they want. As gold is this thing, and so many people want it, and want it so much, and there is not a great deal to be had, of course those that get it must pay for it, and this extra pay is the "premium" I told you about. So you see that, while gold is always valuable and sought after, in times of war and trouble and anxiety it is more valuable and more sought after than ever. The worse the times, the higher the premium.

Gold is not the only thing which is at a premium now, and at all similar times of trial and anxiety. There is something else more precious than gold; as hard to get, more lasting, and, in times like these, held at full as high a premium. And that is character.

Character and gold are alike in several particulars. In the first place, they are alike hard to get. If a man or a woman, a boy or a girl, wishes to possess gold, or a good character, they cannot get either by wishing for it. To be sure, they are likely to wish first, but they must do something else. They must labor and be self-denying. I will tell you how the little boy I spoke of got his gold dollar. He got it little by little, a cent at a time, by doing little errands for his mother; that was labor. Then he saved the pennies, did not spend them foolishly; that was self-denial. By self-denial the pennies increased till they were changed into silver, and when the silver pieces multiplied, they were changed into the gold piece. Now, if one of you boys or girls wants to possess a good character, you begin in the same way; by doing kind and thoughtful acts to those about you, helping those younger or weaker or less fortunate than yourself; by trying to learn all the good and useful things you can, and to remember all you learn and practise all you remember. This is labor. Then you must curb your passions, not indulge your temper, avoid falsehood as you would poison, think twice before you speak, and three times before you act; do the difficult thing, which is right, rather than the pleasant thing, which is wrong. This is self-denial. And, just as the little boy's accumulating pennies changed into silver, and then into gold, your coffers of good, kind, thoughtful habits will change into the silver of good principles, and finally into the pure gold of honest, intelligent, upright, enduring Christian character. Now the next thing is to see if this character

is really so valuable and worth having. I have compared it with gold. It is like it in many respects, besides being hard to get. It passes current everywhere. Promises are uncertain things; but the boy or girl who has an established character for truth is believed; for honesty is trusted everywhere, even by the wicked, who are themselves neither truthful nor honest.

One of the peculiar values of gold is that it does not tarnish and grow dim and rusty. Just so with real solid character; it always shines in spite of suspicions and evil report. Like gold, it is indestructible. Fire only purifies gold and refines it, and makes it more precious. So, if a child is really trying to possess himself or herself of character, and has partly succeeded, temptation, ridicule, or harsh treatment only make the character stronger. If a really honest boy is tempted by a wicked playmate to take something which is not his, and laughed at because he is so "good," and perhaps beaten for not yielding to the wrong, he loses none of his honesty by the temptation. He becomes more honest. But if he has only a sham honesty, honest when somebody is looking, then it will burn up in the fire of temptation, just as spurious or make-believe gold would melt and disappear.

Gold is very heavy, — it is the heaviest of the metals; and it is very common to speak of the weight of character. That means that a man of character has weight; that is, influence. People have faith in him, they trust him, they know where to find him, he is not one thing to-day and another to-morrow; like gold, he does not change to any thing worse. In times of trouble and

danger and uncertainty, he is at a premium just as gold is.

A hundred and thirty-one years ago to-day, a boy was born in this country, which was not as large and rich and powerful as it now is, and that boy grew up by observing the rules I told you of to be a man of character, and he wrought long and hard and earnestly for his country in her dark hours; and now, though this great man has been dead sixty-three years, his character is not forgotten, but we long for him, or for some man like him, in the present trying and anxious times.

Always valuable and valued, the character of WASHINGTON never bore so high a premium as it does to-day; never seemed so valuable, and its qualities were never so much needed.

I have said that character is like gold, and have shown you how it resembles it. I will now show you how it differs from it in some important particulars. First, let me remind you of what, indeed, you know already: that all good gifts come from God. We talk about getting gold or character or knowledge or power; we only mean that we seek for them, and God gives them. Now, very often men wish for gold and seek for it and labor for it, but do not get it; sickness or misfortune or some other hindrance prevents.

God, for some wise and good reason, thinks it best to deny this to them. But he never denies good character to those who earnestly desire and seek for it. So, as God is infinitely good, and must therefore be interested in our happiness, and as he is infinitely powerful, and can do what he pleases, it is pretty clear that he con-

siders good character much more valuable to us, his children, than gold, since he often denies the latter, but is always helping us to attain the former. Another difference is, that gold does not always make its possessor happy; but a good character always does. Many a rich man suffers from anxiety and selfish desire for more riches, and from various other causes which make his riches a burden to him. But a Christian — that is, one with his heart full of love to God and faith in God, who by persistent continuance in well-doing has built up a foundation of good religious character — may be happy and cheerful, though poor and sick and despised.

And, finally, gold, however valuable in this world, is of little value out of it. The richest and the poorest are alike in the grave. But every good trait of character which you have secured abides. Every conquest you have made over yourselves, over sin or passion; every good word spoken; every kind act done; every unselfish thought cherished; every outburst of love to God and to your fellow-men; every fresh illustration of faith and trust in your Father in heaven, — enters into your being, goes with you into your new life beyond the veil, makes the heaven we talk about, and will begin to make it here and now if we labor and pray for it.

THE ORGAN.

DELIVERED AT THE WARREN-STREET CHAPEL.

IT is needless to ask any child who attends this pleasant Chapel, if he or she has ever seen an organ. You have all seen and heard one often; and this, as I am going to talk to you a little about organs, is one point gained.

A powerful organ, any musician will tell you, is the most complete and perfect, as it certainly is the most wonderful and noble, of musical instruments. It can be adapted to all sorts of occasions. It has strains for every mood, and can touch every description of sensibility. Under the hand of a master, its keys breathe forth the most plaintive appeals, or kindle the loftiest enthusiasm, or swell forth notes of praise and adoration, which it would seem angels might lean from heaven to hear.

Every way it is a noble instrument; yet its construction, or rather the principle of its construction, is very simple. A number of metallic pipes of various sizes are made, each pipe, when blown through, emitting a distinct musical sound. The time, or harmony, which excites or soothes you, moves you to laughter, prompts resolve, or compels your tears, is caused by the skill of the organist, who touches the right keys in succession. You see here that two things at least are necessary. The pipes must be perfect, each for itself; and the organist must know how to touch the right keys at the right moment.

Now, it has often seemed to me that this world in which we live is a monster organ case, in which we, men and women, boys and girls, are the pipes, great and small; the relationships and connections of life are the machinery; the events and occurrences which hourly happen are the keys; the words we speak, the thoughts we entertain, the acts we perform, are the music; and God the performer.

Now, I wonder what sort of harmonies go up to the heavens from this great organ? What sort of tunes? Are they cheerful and inspiring and hopeful; or are they discordant and jangling and disheartening? Whichever or whatever they are, be sure of one thing, — *the fault is not in the performer.* God is perfection. The defect must be in us, the pipes.

You readily understand, that if one of the pipes of yonder organ were out of order in any way, it would make a discord; and if the player had ever so beautiful a tune in his heart, which he wanted the organ to speak out for him, when he put his finger upon the pipe which was out of order, it would make a bad note, and mar his tune. If several pipes were out of order, then no skill could make good music until the pipes were made perfect.

Alas! my children, I am very much afraid the divine Organist finds many, perhaps most, of the pipes, little and big, of his grand world-organ out of order.

Here is a little boy who is selfish. He always wants the biggest share of cake and the largest apple. If he has an interesting book, or a pretty toy, he never offers to lend either to a playmate who has none. I tell you,

children, he will make a discord in the great psalm till that unfortunate dent of selfishness is got out of his heart-pipe.

Here is a little girl who is not always truthful, or who is ill-tempered, or proud, or envious; here a boy who is not strictly honest, or who is profane or disobedient. What terrible breaks such bad pipes in the organ as these will make in the pleasant music! What sort of a thanksgiving psalm, do you suppose, went up from this great human organ last week? Of course, people had their thanksgiving dinners, large or small: their relations and friends, more or less, to help eat them; and were merry or sad. But what sort of heart-melodies were made? I am afraid, if we could have heard the psalm, among its notes of praise to God for all the blessings of the year, for the bountiful harvest, and the thousand daily blessings which have followed every one of us, we should have heard discords of dissatisfaction from envious little hearts, because somebody had received some blessing which they had been denied; fault-finding from others, because their plans had been defeated, as if their plans were better than God's; downright complaint, ugly passionate words, caused by the rust of sin getting into some of the little heart-pipes, and unfitting them to utter God's praises.

Only think, my children, if every man and boy, every woman and girl in the world, were as pure and good and perfect as God wants and means them to be, — as they can be, or ought always to be trying to be, — what songs of praise, what holy psalms,

would go up to heaven! Suppose the brothers and sisters of one family were, for one day, kind to each other, unselfish, thoughtful of each other, perfectly fair and honest, telling and acting the exact truth (for you know you can act a falsehood as well, or as badly, as you can utter it), obedient to parents, industrious, pure in word and thought, — cannot you see how, from such a family group, a sweet and holy chord of music would respond to the divine touch, delighting every ear that heard it, and none more than that of the all-wise, all good, and all-harmonious Being who touches the keys? Compare this with the music likely to flow from a family group, whose members are quarrelsome, untruthful, self-willed, ungenerous; who use bad or impure words; who are idle, careless, disobedient, — ah, me, we hear too much of such music! O children, let us try that none such shall be made by the organ-pipes we represent! If there is, be sure the blame is with you. God's impartial, fatherly hand touches with equal care and skill and tenderness all the keys. He sendeth his rain alike upon the just and the unjust. He is good and thoughtful to all alike. It is no matter how carefully and skilfully the air is drawn through the organ-pipe; if the rust has made a hole in it, you get no good music. So, if the rust of bad and wicked habits has worn into one of your little hearts, — it matters not that God has made the world about you bright and beautiful, that abundant blessings surround you, and endless opportunities are offered you, — you are out of tune, and will be out of tune until the rent is repaired.

This Chapel, and all good institutions of a similar kind, are great human organ repair-shops; and all Christian ministers and Christian teachers, and Christian men and women, are the laborers. They all work to get the dents and the bruises out of the little organ-pipes of your hearts, to mend the bad places, scour off the rust, and make them perfect, so that you may each answer with a full, round note when your key is touched; and there shall go up from hence such peals of praise to God and good-will to men, without even a harsh or discordant note, as shall make heaven glad and earth rejoice. They aim to do more. They work to keep you from getting your little hearts out of order. It is so much easier to keep good, than to get good again after being bad. And we are so apt to go from bad to worse. Keep watch of yourselves, my dear children; and when you find naughty thoughts creeping into your minds, idle or wicked or untruthful words creeping to your lips, passionate actions tingling at your finger-ends, dishonesty lurking in your eyes, pride and contempt curling your mouth, take care: be sure here will be a discord. Do not wait until the bad spot is made, the rust eats through, or the bruise becomes deep.

Another lesson we learn from the organ. There are a great many pipes in it; and they are of all sizes, and variously placed. Some great gilded pipes stand in sight where everybody can see them, and, I dare say, think themselves very important. But the truth is, all are necessary. No pipe is so small, or packed in ever so out-of-the-way a corner, but it is essential to make the organ complete. Every one comes into use. Some

of the sweetest and most touching music comes from the smallest pipes of all.

Just so it is in this world-organ, my children. The great, the powerful, the learned, and rich, are apt to think that, because they are large pipes, with gilded dress, and occupying front places, they make all the music, or, at least, the best music. But never mistake was greater. They are needful, to be sure; every pipe is wanted to make up God's great psalms. For as the better the performer on an organ, the more of the pipes he can and does bring into use; so God, who is perfect, brings all the human pipes into use, and needs all.

So you, my little one, don't fancy that because you are young or poor, or not so wise as you may be some day, or don't wear so fine a garment, or have not so pretty a face or so pleasant a voice as some others may have, — don't fancy that you are forgotten or neglected, or that it is no matter whether you are in tune or not. God needs you, and is just as anxious that the little pipe of your heart should be in perfect order as any one in all the world.

In great church-organs are certain keys played by the feet of the performer, touching certain distant, large, and deep pipes, forming what is called the sub-base; and often, when most delicious and beautiful music is being played, the notes of the sub-base accompany it as a sort of echo or undertone, making the fine music all the more beautiful, — though the base notes, by themselves, would not be so pretty. In this world-organ, my children, God has placed other than human pipes, — all created nature is full of music, and responsive to the touch of its divine Creator.

"Each perfumed flower,
The waving field, the dark-green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour, —
All things proclaim that God is good.

"I hear it in each breath of wind;
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds with gold and silver lined,
All still repeat that God is good.

"Each little rill that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song that God is good.

"The countless host of twinkling stars
That sing his praise with light renewed,
The rising sun, each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good."

Only think, my children, if the myriads of listening ears above us could hear going up from this fair world the unbroken and soul-filling harmonies which would ascend, if every heart-pipe, little and big, were perfect as they should be, how even the peace and happiness of heaven would be increased by this inflow of music; and as always the skilled and loving organist enjoys most keenly the music of his instrument, how the great Father would rejoice and be glad over the sound!

And finally, as we, the "human pipes," are human and also immortal, see how every thing conspires to urge you and us all to try with all our might to prevent the rust of neglect and the bruises of sin and wrong-doing from injuring our heart-pipes, so that we cannot unite

in the worship of God. By doing what he would have us do, how full of inexpressible happiness shall we be when we can pour forth, without a break or a false note, our psalm of praise and love to God!

ADDRESS

AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHILDREN'S MISSION, 1867.

CHILDREN, do any of you remember that little hymn, beginning, —

> "How long sometimes a day appears!
> The weeks, how long are they!
> The months so slowly move, it seems
> A year would never pass away"?

If you do not remember the words, you have no doubt experienced the feeling; and have thought sometimes when a day, only a day, intervened between the present and some enjoyment of to-morrow, "It seems as if the day would never pass away." But by and by, when you get to be as old as Mr. Fearing and myself, a year will be just like the mile-stones on a railway journey. Why, it seems only last week that we stood in another church on an anniversary just like this, — an anniversary of the Children's Mission, — the seventeenth; and this is the eighteenth. And I always feel, when we come together upon any anniversary, that there are two things to ask ourselves: first, How has the work advanced under our hands? and, second, How have we advanced under the hands of the work? How much has the body grown,

and how much has the soul grown? How much has that which was given us to do been prospered, and how much have we been prospered in the doing of it? We know, we can see, it is before all eyes, how much the work of this society has prospered the past year, — the new Home on Tremont Street shows that. But, children, how much have you grown? because, I will tell you, with every year of work comes a new responsibility. That which has been done must be more than done next year. Success is not always prosperity, neither is failure necessarily loss; but, unless we grow too, the work will outstrip us. Let us see to it that it does not. When I stood in that new building, and listened to the services at the dedication, one thing kept running through my head, and I have not been able to get it out since, — a word of warning to every one of us, not in the sense of croaking, but only of stimulation and inspiration. I thought, as they traced the history of this mission from its little beginning in the small room to the larger rooms, and then to that fine house, of that exquisite verse of Holmes, in his poem on the Nautilus; and I wish I could bring it home to every one of you: —

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low-vaulted past,
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thy outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

O children! if we can only grow in soul as the years

go by, the anniversaries will indeed be red-letter days; and, depend upon it, every good work — the Sunday school, the Sunday-school Society, and every other good work — will grow and prosper, enlarge and multiply, and bring forth fruit, just as surely as the flowers and trees bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit under the influences of God's sun and showers.

SERMONS TO CHILDREN.

SERMONS TO CHILDREN.

DELIVERED AT JAMAICA PLAIN, ON THE AFTERNOONS OF COMMUNION SUNDAYS.

I.

CONSCIENCE.

ACTS xxiv. 16: "A conscience void of offence towards God and towards men."

1 COR. viii. 7: "Their conscience, being weak, is defiled."

1 TIM. iv. 2: "Having their conscience seared with a hot iron."

FROM these texts you will readily see that the subject of my sermon is conscience. As there are three texts, I propose to divide my sermon into three parts, 1. What conscience is; 2. What it can and will do for us; 3. What it cannot and will not do.

First, then, what is conscience? Did you ever see one, or know of anybody who had seen one? I think not. Certainly, I never did. How, then, do we know there is such a thing? By its effects. All of you, I doubt not, have seen a magnet. I dare say some of you have, for your own, a set of magnetic toys, — ducks or fishes or ships; and though you cannot see the magnetism that attracts the ship or the fish, you do see that by presenting the piece of iron to those objects, they are drawn towards it, and so you know the magnetism is really in the iron, though you cannot see it.

Just so with conscience: you know it exists by its effects.

What are its effects? Let us see. If your pastor or your teacher or I, or any other person, were to say to you, "Children, whenever you see any thing you want anywhere, — any pretty picture, any thing nice to eat or to wear, — take it; and if any one sees you, tell them it is yours," your bright eyes would open wide, and you would at once say, "What in the world does he mean? That is wrong, any way." And you would know it was wrong. Conscience, the little voice within you, would whisper it, and you would repeat it aloud; and no matter how many people said it was right to steal and lie, you would know it was not. It is one of God's wonderful works, and kind works too, to place inside of us a something which tells us what is right and what is wrong; and this something we call conscience. Now there never was a nation or a people or an individual without this voice of God within, — this conscience. But then there are several sorts of consciences. There are, 1. Good natural consciences; 2. Good educated consciences; 3. Weak consciences; 4. Defiled consciences; 5. Hardened consciences, — "seared as with a hot iron."

Most children, born as you were, and situated as you are, have good natural consciences. You can hardly remember the time when you did not know, the moment any action was done or named or thought of, whether it was right or wrong. God speaks very plainly to you. Some children are not so happy. They have been surrounded with much that is evil; they

have been so accustomed to hear people about them ask, not, Is it right? but, How can we get or do what we want? that their consciences are imperfect, and not quick and tender and true as yours are. Just as if, instead of living in bright, cheerful houses, and having plenty of light and air, you had always lived in dingy, dark rooms, and were never out in the sunlight. Then your eyesight would be very imperfect; you could not tell one color from another; every thing would appear blurred and indistinct. In that case, your eyesight would need to be educated; and just so the consciences of those other less favored children need to be educated. And this is what preachers and parents and Sunday-school teachers and all good people are trying to do, — to educate the consciences of those that need it. And all persons need it more or less.

Even good natural consciences, like yours, need education to strengthen and confirm them. Otherwise they are apt to become what I have called weak consciences; that is, consciences which indeed will say "that is right," or "this is wrong," but say it so softly that you hardly can hear them, especially if you are not very anxious to. And when we want to do the wrong thing, because it seems pleasant, or to avoid doing the right thing, because it seems hard and disagreeable, we are very apt not to hear conscience speak, if it is weak, and don't speak very distinctly.

The next step downward is described in my second text, "Conscience, being weak, is defiled." The difference between a weak conscience and a defiled conscience is perhaps best described in this way: If we neglect

the good and wise things which conscience advises, conscience becomes weak; and, if we keep on, by and by we begin to do the bad and wrong things which conscience condemns and forbids, and then conscience is defiled; that is, outraged, abused. Let me try to illustrate this. Suppose you were placed in a room where there was a clock which struck the hours and half-hours. An interesting book is given you to read, and you are told, every time the clock strikes, to put down your book and perform some duty which is named. You are also told not to meddle with certain boxes placed in one corner of the room. The first time the clock strikes, and the second and the third, you hear it distinctly, and, putting down your book instantly, you go and do what you were told to do. The fourth time, perhaps, you are particularly interested in your book, and don't like to leave it. You say to yourself, there can be no harm in just omitting to do the duty this once, and you disobey the summons of the clock. The next time the clock strikes, you hardly hear it, and the next time you really don't hear it at all. Like a neglected conscience, it has ceased to command your attention. The next step is something like this: you get tired of your book after a while, and when the clock strikes, instead of reminding you of the duty you were to attend to, it reminds you of the boxes you were told not to touch. And conscience being weakened by neglect and disobedience, you begin to reason with it, thus: You say, "Why should I not look into the boxes? Of course I won't take any thing;" and the result is, from neglecting what you were told to do, you come to doing

deliberately what you were told not to do. Your conscience is defiled.

Next comes hardened conscience, — "seared as with a hot iron." The difference between a defiled conscience and a hardened conscience is this: In the first case, the conscience is tender; you observe its teachings; you hear it say, "That is wrong, don't do it;" and you answer, "Oh, I guess not! you are mistaken, conscience; you are too particular, other people do it, it can't be wrong; or not so very wrong at least." So you argue with your conscience, and try to defile it; but as you had naturally a good conscience, and have had it well educated, it holds out in spite of your arguments, and insists that it is wrong after all, no matter who does it. The temptation being very strong, you say, "I don't care, I mean to do it." And so conscience is defiled. This, done again and again, hardens conscience, and it becomes "seared" with sin, as flesh is seared with a hot iron. So you see people may, and do, sin in spite of their consciences. But if you obey your conscience, and try to educate it to be more and more particular and exact and faithful, and never weaken it by disregarding it, nor defile it by trying to coax and persuade it into agreeing that wrong is right, nor harden it by resisting it and going against it, then, like the clock striking, you will hear it every time: it will never fail to warn you against evil, and to point out the right and true way, and so help you into all righteousness and peace and happiness. All this the conscience, which God has kindly placed within you, can and will do for you. And it is important for you to understand this, so as not to expect too much from it.

There is an almost incalculable amount of misunderstanding and disappointment and unhappiness resulting from the too common mistake of expecting too many and too various effects from the same cause: of expecting too much, and different kinds of, good of the same person or possession. The teacher, for example, who has a bright, wide-awake scholar, who always has his lesson perfectly and understands it, must not expect such a scholar to be very sedate and still, never requiring to be checked or cautioned. And the scholar who has a teacher always ready to answer his questions, with new ideas to impart, and new thoughts to present, must not be disappointed if that teacher does not indulge much in stories, and is rather impatient when a scholar is inattentive and playful.

A watch will tell you what o'clock it is, but it won't tell you the day of the month. The almanac will tell you the day of the month, but won't tell you how many miles it is to New York. The "Railroad Guide" will tell you how many miles it is to New York, but won't tell you in what year the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. So it is one of the evidences of increasing wisdom that we take people and things for just what they are, and are thankful for so much, and improve by it, and do not expect too much. Now conscience can, and always will, point the right way; but it cannot compel you to go right. It is not, however, to be despised on that account. It is invaluable for the purpose for which it was intended. But if, because you have really got a good conscience, you expect to be a good boy or a good girl, a good man or a good woman, without any effort,

the very goodness of conscience will be a stumbling-block to you.

There is an old proverb, that one man may lead a horse to water, but ten men can't make him drink. So any child's conscience may direct him to the water of life, but all the consciences in the world can't make him drink of it. You know how sailors find their way across the trackless ocean. In every ship is a little instrument called a compass. It is composed of one of those little magnets you know about, so hung on a pivot, that one end of it always points towards the north. Why it does so, nobody, not the wisest man on the earth knows, any more than the magnets know, why conscience always points to the right. God has pleased to make them do so. Well, as the magnetic needle of the compass always points north, of course it is easy, by a little planning, for the sailor to steer his ship any way he wants to go, and to be always sure he is right. But if he said to himself, "There, now, I have got a splendid compass on board, and we are sure to go right, I will take no trouble about it," the first thing he would know would be that he was cast away on some ledge of rocks or sand-bar. The magnet, like conscience, only points the way: it does not and cannot compel you to go in it. The sailor knows this, and acts upon the knowledge by taking hold of the helm, and steering his ship as the compass directs. And you must take hold of the helm of your wills, and determine that your lives shall be such as conscience directs. Then the value of a good conscience will be manifest. Hence when you pray,—

"Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh
And keep it still awake!"—

you have need to add,—

"I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill."

These, then, children, are the things that conscience can and will faithfully do, and will not do for you. There is one thing more which conscience cannot do. It cannot die! You may weaken it by neglecting to obey its teachings; you may "defile" it by doubting it, and arguing with it, by mean acts and an ungenerous life; you may harden it, by stubbornly going contrary to its direct teachings; you may still and stifle its voice for a season; you may neglect and abuse it; but it is immortal, and you cannot kill it.

You may do wrong again and again: little wrongs at first, as children, and great wrongs afterwards, as men and women, and say, "It is no matter, it is not wrong; other people do so, I must do it, I don't care;" and so smother conscience, and sear it, and it will seem to leave off reporting the right and the wrong; but by and by it will wake up, it will out; you may cover your ears, but its voice will penetrate; you may repent and be sorry, and wish you had minded the monitor, and resolve to do so; but conscience is not to be put off with regrets or promises and remorse. The inevitable consequence of evil actions will, sooner or later, in this

world or some other, proclaim, in tones that you cannot silence or escape from, that conscience will not be violated with impunity. This is "the worm that dieth not," this "the fire that is not quenched." "A wounded conscience who can bear?" Better bear sickness or pain or poverty or obscurity or contempt or ridicule or martyrdom.

But if you will do right, always right, guided by the voice within, so as to merit and enjoy the unspeakable blessing of "a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men," no sorrow, little or great, no disappointment or loss or disaster or misfortune, neither sickness nor death, can rob you of peace and joy.

"Give forth thine earnest cry,
O conscience, voice of God!
To young and old, to low and high,
Proclaim his will abroad.

"Within the human breast,
Thy strong monitions plead!
Still thunder thy divine protest
Against the unrighteous deed!

"Show the true way of peace,
O thou, our guiding light!
From bondage of the wrong release,
To service of the right!"

II.

MORAL COURAGE.

Ps. xxvii. 14: "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart."

THE command or exhortation to "be of good courage" is sixteen times repeated in the Bible; good evidence of the value of the thing, and that men are apt to lack it. There are two kinds of courage. One is physical courage: fearlessness in time of bodily danger; the other is moral courage: the spirit which enables its possessor always to do right. The first kind is much more common than the last; though the last is a hundred times more important than the first. So, it is about the latter (moral courage) that I shall speak to you; first saying a few words about physical courage, of which there are also two kinds; and here, again, one form is real and generous, and the other often sham and spurious.

If you are passing a group of boys, and hear one of them exclaim, "I'm not afraid of you, if you are the biggest," the chances are that the speaker possesses a fair share of the lower kind of physical courage, — the kind that would make him fight bravely if he were crowded. This courage is common. Men and boys share it with all wild animals, and most domestic ones. And it is, so far as it goes, a good thing; but there is no particular merit in it. It is the result of a natural

pugnacity, and has to be guarded against, lest it degenerate into quarrelsomeness and tyranny.

Now, if, the next day after you heard the boy declare that he wasn't afraid of the bigger boy, and heard him applauded by his playmates as a "brave and plucky little fellow," you happened to see the same boy crossing the street with his little sister, and a runaway horse should come rushing along the street, if that boy dropped his sister's hand, and made for the sidewalk to save his own neck, instead of holding fast to his little companion, and risking his safety to secure hers, you would say that the boy was a big coward, no matter how ready he might be to fight one larger than himself.

Real and true physical courage is worth cultivating. The girls are interested in this as much as the boys. Indeed, they have the more need to cultivate it, because they are naturally more timid than the boys. I once heard or read of a little girl who was going to, or returning from, school with a young companion. She had in her hand a satchel containing her school-books. Suddenly the cry of "mad dog" was raised, and in a moment the little girl saw the infuriated animal, with mouth wide open, tearing along the path directly towards them. She knew it would be useless to try to escape by running, and there was no open gate to enter; so, stepping forward as the dog came up, she struck him in the face with her books, with all the force she could use. The dog's attention was instantly fixed on the books, which he seized, and began to tear, thus giving the children a chance to escape. That was real courage. We call it "presence of mind," but no frightened person

ever has "presence of mind." As the first kind of physical courage is animal courage, this kind is spiritual courage, and may be created and increased in us. Some wise man has said that "the best foundations of courage are innocence of life, consciousness of worth, and great expectations;" that is, if you are living good, pure lives, you are less likely to be frightened in time of danger. Bad men are always most anxious and troubled in danger, and are therefore less able to think of the best things to do to escape it. Again, if you are accustomed to think of yourselves as "children of God," and therefore under his care always, you will be less likely to be alarmed even in real danger. And the other foundation of courage, "great expectations," is, when you are really hoping and trying to grow up to be an intelligent, thoughtful, useful, honorable man or woman; these hopes and expectations give you faith in the future, and this faith is the corner-stone of every thing good and great, pleasant and peaceable.

So much for physical courage; and now for moral courage. Once, on the battle-field, a soldier said to his companion beside him, as they were marching to meet the enemy, "Why, how pale you look! I really believe you are afraid." — "Yes," replied the other, "I am afraid; and if you were half as much afraid as I am you would run away." Here were the two kinds of courage side by side. The first soldier had physical courage, perhaps moral courage also. He knew there would be danger on the battle-field, and yet he came to meet it. But the other had the sublime kind, the moral courage, which enabled him, in spite of fear and trem-

bling and turning pale, to stand like a man and do his duty.

Among the friends I can number who have gone to the war, and, alas! will never come back, was one whose whole constitution and instincts were opposed to such scenes. Not wanting in, and yet not noticeable for, physical courage, he was so kindly and tender-hearted, and was, withal, so comfortable and happy at home, with such hosts of friends, that nothing but the strongest sense of duty could have carried him into the field. From the field, he wrote, "I am a great coward, and fearful I shall shrink when the test comes; but if I do, I only hope and pray my men will shoot me in my tracks." It is needless to say he did not flinch or hesitate; and, after being wounded, lost his life at last in heroically defending other wounded men, more helpless than himself, from the attacks of murderous guerillas.*

This is the courage that never fails, and that produces physical courage of the true sort. This is the kind, children, which I want you to possess. Now, there are at least four ways in which moral courage shows itself, or in which the want of it is seen. If a boy were playing in his yard, and another boy asked him to go with him into the woods, and the first boy said, "I should like to go, but mother told me not to go out of the yard this afternoon;" and if he held fast to that, in spite of being ridiculed for being tied to his mother's apron-strings, I should call him a brave boy. Or, if any boy,

* This allusion is to Henry May Bond. See Memoir, p. 25.

when tempted to disobey a rule of his school or of his own conscience, resists the temptation, he has moral courage in a hopeful degree. But, if the fear of being made fun of, and called a baby, induced him to disobey his mother's commands, or the school regulations, or his conscience, he would be an arrant coward. It is then a mark of moral cowardice to be ashamed to acknowledge that you do obey, and ought to obey, the authority of your parents, the rules of your school, and, above all, your own conscience,—the voice of God within you. The path, from being ashamed to acknowledge the duty of obedience to those older than yourself, to being ashamed to acknowledge obedience to God, is as straight and short as most paths of sin. I want to impress this upon you, because it is so very common for boys and girls to think it is beneath them to obey. Did you ever hear of your father's being ashamed to admit that he obeys the laws of his town, state, and nation? And, pray, why should you be ashamed to acknowledge his authority who is your lawgiver?

The next exhibition of moral courage is in telling the truth always. If, unfortunately, you have done wrong, and you know an admission of the fault will insure you mortification, disgrace, and punishment, have the courage to make your confession, and take the consequences. For they cannot, by any chance, be half so hurtful as telling a falsehood,—that would help to make you a liar and a coward both.

There is a remarkable example in the New Testament of the next form of moral cowardice. You remember that when our Saviour was seized, previous

to his crucifixion, and carried before the judgment-seat of Pilate, the disciples followed afar off; and one of them, Peter, plucked up courage enough to go into the outer hall or porch of the court-room. Three different persons, at three different times, said to him, "You were one of this man's followers, it seems." And though Peter knew how pure and good Christ was, how much kindness and love he had shown in the world, without a touch of evil, yet now, because the Master was accused of crime, and was likely to suffer for it, and to bring those who acknowledged him to ridicule, he actually denied that he knew any thing about him. And I think, children, the meanest of all forms of moral cowardice is this: being ashamed of your friends or companions or playmates when they are unpopular or get into trouble.

The next kind of moral courage I would have you cultivate is, courage not to be ashamed of what you do not and cannot have or do or be. I have known of little girls who did not like to have one of their playmates visit them, because she had a wax-doll or some other fine thing which their parents could not afford to give them. They were ashamed to acknowledge that they could not have as much as she had. And I have known boys, who were bright in many ways, but who did not get on well in some single study, or did not understand some particular game, so much ashamed of these defects, and of their inability to overcome them, as to be really deceitful about the matter. God makes us to differ; and if he has pleased to give one child more brains than another, or more beauty or more wealth, it is nothing to be proud of; nor is the lack of either or

of all of these things any matter of shame. Little does God care for a wise head, if you have not an understanding heart; or for a pretty face, if the soul be not fair; or for fine clothing, if it covers pride or ill-nature.

If, as somebody has said, "the most beautiful hand is the hand that gives;" then the most beautiful eyes are the eyes which always look kindly, honest, and affectionate; the most beautiful mouth is the mouth out of which there never comes an untruth, an impure or unkind word; the most beautiful form is the form which stands erect in manly and womanly dignity and courage in all temptations, and bows reverently before God and all goodness, and is not ashamed to do it!

To repeat, the special forms of moral courage I want you to cultivate are: 1. Courage to acknowledge and obey authority, as that of your parents, and especially the voice of your own conscience; 2. Courage to tell the truth at any cost or loss; 3. Courage to hold fast to, and stand up for, your friends; 4. Courage to work, to wear common clothes, to do without what you cannot honestly have, and to cultivate the talents God has given you, though you have but one.

One of the immediate and practical effects of moral courage is, that it creates in us confidence and boldness; so that real difficulties and dangers often yield to the spirit with which we are thus able to meet them. If I were asked to name the person who, in all history, I thought possessed the most courage, I should say, without hesitation, the Apostle Paul. Read over at home the last part of the chapter I read to you (2 Corinthians, xi.), and you will, I think, be of the same opinion. And

if moral courage, which was Paul's distinguishing characteristic, can give birth to a character like his, we cannot do better than to begin this hour to cultivate it. To that end, remember the text, "Wait on the Lord;" that is, obey him, serve him, keep the commandments, observe the golden rule, be faithful to conscience, trust God, and he shall strengthen your heart. And that is perhaps at once the best result of, and the best definition of, moral courage, — "a strong heart;" better, a thousand times, than a strong body or a strong head or a strong will, or a "strong box" with untold gold in it.

"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart."

III.

TRUTHFULNESS.

LEV. xix. 11: "Ye shall not deal falsely, nor lie one to another."

IF I were asked to name the virtue I should most earnestly wish to have every member of this school possess, and all children everywhere, I should, without hesitation, answer, "Truthfulness." And this not because truthfulness is the loftiest of the virtues, but the humblest; not the capstone of the temple of character, but the foundation. And how important a secure foundation is, the youngest of you, who ever built a house of blocks, knows perfectly well.

Now, as this is a "sermon," it shall have three heads; and under the first of these we will make sure that we understand and agree (1) as to what truthfulness is; and then (2) we will see if it really is as valuable and important as I have intimated; and, finally (3), we will try to learn how to become truthful, and to keep so.

First, then, what is truthfulness? What is it to be a truthful boy or girl? Of course it is to be a boy or girl who never tells an untruth, a falsehood, a lie. But it is much more than that. A boy may grow up to be a man, and the man may grow old and die, and never once in all his life tell an open, downright lie, and yet his life may be one perpetual untruth. For example, a boy is about going to bed, and his mother says, "Henry, when you wake up in the morning, don't get up till six, then it will be light enough for you to see distinctly; and, as soon as you are dressed, sit down to your geography lesson till the clock strikes seven; then you may take your library book and read till breakfast-time." — "Yes, mother; good-night." In the morning Henry awakes, gets up at six, dresses, gets his geography, puts it near him, and then takes his library book and goes to reading. The time passes swiftly, and as the clock strikes seven his mother enters the room. Hearing her coming, Henry drops his library book and takes up his geography, and in a moment is very busy over it. "What, my son," says his mother; "not yet through with your geography?" — "Not quite, mother." — "Well, you may leave it now and take your library book." "Yes'm," and his mother leaves the room. No lie has been spoken; but it needs no words to explain the

wicked and foolish lie which has been acted. Wicked as all falsehood is, and foolish, because, though mother has been deceived, God has not, and because, besides the loss of the knowledge from neglecting his lesson, Henry is forming a character of untruthfulness, which will be a greater curse to him, and to all connected with him, than ignorance, sickness, poverty, or any other misfortune could be. A boy who could begin a day in that fashion is likely to go on something in this way, Half an hour before school-time his father says, "Henry, I want you to leave this bundle for me at the shoemaker's as you go to school. You go right past the door, you know." — "Yes, sir; I will." Accordingly he starts off, leaves the bundle, which does not detain him a minute. Just then some playmates come along and propose a game of marbles, and they play till the clock strikes nine. He then starts up and runs to school. Of course he is late; but he goes in, goes up to the teacher and says, "Please to excuse me for being late; I had to do an errand for my father," which was perfectly true, while the impression he meant to convey — that doing the errand made him late — was perfectly false. And yet he would go to his seat, very likely, thinking he had done a smart thing in getting off from blame for being late; perhaps really fancying he was not untruthful, because he had not told the teacher a lie. For it is one of the saddest things about sin, that people after awhile get so used to doing wrong that it doesn't seem wrong to them.

Now, if we should follow such a boy as I have described through the day, we should find him doing such

things as these: looking into the key to see how his sums were done; copying his answers from a school-fellow's slate; or sitting with his school-books before him apparently studying, while in fact the book merely concealed some story which he was intent on reading. If he went out to play, he would never "run his bounds," if he could "cut across" without being noticed, and would be always ready to take any mean little advantage of his playmates. It is easy to trace the career of such a boy, and to tell what sort of a man he will make. He might keep, all his life, from downright open falsehood, but he would be known as a man not to be trusted; a man of whom it would be said, "If you have any dealings with him, you had best have it on paper." People might say, "He is smart, or intelligent, or pleasant enough; but you must watch him, he is not to be relied upon."

Katie goes into Fanny's house, and Fanny holds up a long seam she is sewing, and says, "A pretty good hour's work, isn't it?" — "I should think it was," rejoins Katie; "I could not do it in three hours;" which was, in fact, just the length of time Fanny had been about it. She did not say she sewed it in an hour; but she conveyed, and meant to convey, the impression that she did, which is as real a falsehood as words could make.

From all this you will understand that to be truthful is something more than not telling lies; it is to be honest, exact, meaning never to deceive, being fair and honorable, whether any one is present or not.

I said, and I repeat it, that if you can have but one

virtue to start with, let that one be perfect truthfulness; for though you have all the other virtues, and lack that, you make shipwreck of your life.

Just consider how indispensable it is. Suppose you have a watch. You take it out in the forenoon to see the time, and the watch says, "three o'clock." You consult it in the afternoon, and it answers, "eleven o'clock." Now, though the case of the watch were of gold, and studded with jewels, it would be perfectly useless as a watch. The gold would be valuable, and the jewels worth so much money; but, for the purpose it was made, the watch would not be worth a cent. Just so with a boy or a girl, a man or a woman, who does not always speak and act and live the truth. They may be covered with the gold of wisdom and sparkling all over with the jewels of wit and good nature, but, untruthful in character, they utterly fail as human, immortal, beings.

You know how essential it is that a gun-barrel should be true and straight. We are accustomed to describe some things by calling them "as straight as a gun." Now if a man went to a gun-store to purchase a rifle, and they showed him one beautifully polished and mounted, with an elegantly carved stock, every way such a piece as he fancied, and he took it delightedly into his hands, and cast his eye along the barrel, and found it not "true," a little sprung or crooked, how quickly he would put it down as perfectly useless; and how quickly he would prefer the plainest, simplest, piece in the whole stock, if that proved to be true and exact.

Just so, my children, you will find it in life. You may acquire all the accomplishments and graces; you may be rich and handsome and intelligent and cultivated; but if you lack truthfulness, genuine truthfulness of character and life, you may neither hope nor expect to attain the respect of your fellows, the approval of God, peace of conscience, nor any lasting, unalloyed happiness or prosperity.

A ship-owner was fitting out his new ship for sea; so he went to a ship-chandler's to buy an anchor for the vessel. He saw a great number there, and among them one which looked very nice and strong; it was large, well shaped, smooth, and painted neatly. So he bought it, and had it put on to the bow of the ship, where it hung when the ship went to sea, looking as if it would be able to hold the vessel in any storm; and many persons said as much of it. The ship went to sea, and, after a pleasant run of twenty days, as she was coming on the coast of England, a great gale arose and blew directly in shore. It was found impossible to work the ship off to sea again, so the captain ran her into the best place he could find, under some shelter, and then dropped anchor, expecting to ride out the storm in safety. Alas! the anchor was an old one, which had been broken and just mended up, and smoothed over and painted; so it gave way, and the ship was dashed on shore and wrecked. The man who sold it perhaps told no lie about it; but he knew the anchor was a lie, with its nice, smooth, painted face, and he was responsible for the loss and death occasioned by his selling such a falsehood.

This is the sort of men into which the kind of boys I described, grow; and this is the sort of work they do in the world. Are you desirous to grow up so?

You know how much the value of window-glass depends on its clearness; that an object seen through a pane of glass which is crooked, imperfect, looks entirely different from the same thing seen through a clear pane. Just so a deceitful or untruthful mind or character distorts whatever it undertakes to reveal to others; does this at last almost unconsciously, unavoidably. It cannot give a correct and truthful statement; so that people say, "Oh, well, that is his story, or her account of it; you must make considerable allowance for that." And at last they get to say, "Well, you may be pretty sure, if that is the way he talks, the facts are just the opposite."

Is that an enviable reputation to get? How different from the other verdict: "There! you can depend upon what he says; his word is as good as his bond;" or, "What she promises she will perform to the letter; if she says it is so, you need not have any further doubt;" or, perhaps, "He is not very smart, and has been unfortunate; but he is just as honest and truthful as the sun itself." And this is but a small part of it. It is one of the inflexible laws of life, revealed by God in the Scriptures, and declared in a hundred other ways, that it is not, shall not be, cannot be, "well with the wicked." You might as well expect to grow up vigorous, hearty, healthy, strong men and women, if you feed on "make-believe" bread and butter and meat, as to hope to grow up good, respected, happy men and

women, if you feed your minds and hearts on falsehood and untruthfulness.

Untruthfulness is a stain, and, like an oil stain, it never grows smaller unless you cut it out or rub it out altogether. You may cover it up, but it will make its way through the covering, and soil the whole fabric of character.

How, then, can we grow up without this stain of falsehood?

Never yield to any temptation to say or act a wrong story. If you commit a fault, as all boys and girls do sometimes, or meet with accident or do damage, tell the truth right out, and take the consequences.

My last sermon was on moral courage. Now, lying is one of the most cowardly things you can be guilty of; and I have shown it to be the most hurtful and wicked and foolish.

Avoid exaggerations and extravagant statements. Do not, for example, when you go home this afternoon, say either that the church was full, or that there was nobody here. We are all very apt to speak too strongly; we don't expect to be understood literally, and we perhaps deceive nobody; but it is a bad habit to get into, and a dangerous one, for it leads first into a disregard to truth, and then into indifference towards it, and finally into untruthfulness. Get into the habit of describing things just as they are, even things of no particular consequence.

Of course, truthfulness is something more than a matter of habit or of comfort or of respectability; it is a moral and religious question. And no boy or girl,

man or woman, can be depended upon always, who is without fixed principle. Conscientiousness, a desire and determination to do in all things as God has commanded, will make us truthful, as it will make us kind, unselfish, patient, and reverent.

While we need, therefore, to be always trying to form right habits, we need also to be studying God's word, imitating the lives of good men, and praying to God for that help which will lead us into all righteousness.

IV.

REVERENCE.

Ps. lxxxix. 7: "God is to be feared and to be had in reverence."
Lev. xix. 30: "Ye shall keep my Sabbaths and reverence my sanctuary."

Mankind — and that includes boykind and girlkind — being created with feet, and not with wings, are obliged, when they wish to go from one place to a higher one, to ascend step by step; they cannot mount at a bound. So, also, from the way our minds are constituted, if we wish to learn hard things, as how much twenty-five times twenty-five make, or why the days are twenty-four hours long, or how it happens that ice covers the earth part of the year and green grass and flowers the rest of it, we begin by learning the alphabet, and how much twice two are, and so go up by degrees.

So, also, if we wish to learn any moral or religious

truth, or to become religious in our lives and acts, we must begin at the simplest truths, and by doing right in the commonest things; by obeying conscience and telling the exact truth, and thus get on step by step. Now, among the good things I want you to possess, is one which too many children, and too many grown-up men and women also, lack, — and that is reverence.

But perhaps you do not know what I mean by the word, or fancy reverence is something very solemn and gloomy, and meant for old people only.

I hope to make you understand what reverence is, and to inspire you with a desire to possess it, before I get through my sermon; but here let me remark, that this is one of the best things to be attained by degrees or steps; and the two steps which lead up to reverence are (1) politeness and (2) respect; and each of these long steps is divided, as I shall show, into shorter ones. You all know what politeness is. You are constantly being reminded that to snatch any thing from another, to break in when another person is talking, to help yourself first at an entertainment, and scores of other rude things, are impolite.

But this is only politeness of manners; true politeness goes a great deal deeper than that.

Governor Langdon, who was Governor of New Hampshire in the old times when governors were of more consideration than now, in passing through the streets of Portsmouth one day, met a colored laborer, who very deferentially raised his hat to the Governor, who instantly raised his hat with equal courtesy. "What!" said a friend who accompanied the Gov-

ernor, "take off your hat to a negro?" — "Certainly," was the reply; "you would not have me less polite than a negro, would you?"

But even this is not the highest sort of politeness; for there are three kinds, all better than impoliteness, yet very different from each other.

One person is polite because it is proper to be so, — this comes of training; the next, because he feels better to be so, — this comes partly of a desire to please, or not to be outdone; but true politeness is born of kindness of heart, and is never, and never could be, rude to anybody.

Let me illustrate these three kinds familiarly, and then we will pass on to the next step; *i.e.*, respect.

John and William make a visit to Alfred. Alfred, having been taught that it is impolite to oppose the desires of his guests, accedes to their proposals about the games to be played, &c., and is scrupulously polite towards them; while he exhibits the shallowness of his politeness by his inattention and rudeness towards little Fanny, who is "only his sister," and not a "guest," and by the haughty manner in which he sent off a poorly dressed boy who called to inquire where the post-office was.

William, who would have thought it unworthy of himself not to be as polite as Alfred, was particular to acknowledge and return all his attentions; but the lack of heart in his politeness was shown in his rather slighting remarks made to John concerning Alfred, and in the laugh he raised by some ungenerous speech about the poor boy who called at the house.

John, while he was always easy and natural in his manner towards his playmates, never violating even the forms of politeness, showed in many ways the genuineness of his breeding and the kindness of his heart; as, for example, when the poor boy turned from Alfred's door, John, politely asking the boys to excuse him a moment, spoke to the lad, learned his errand, put him in the way of finding the place he wanted, and then returned to his companions.

It can hardly be needful for me to explain how much more worth possessing John's politeness is than Alfred's or William's.

When you have attained to the former, you will have taken one long step upwards towards the "reverence" I wish you to possess.

The next step, as I have said, is "respect." Respect, as you probably know, is that sentiment which prompts us to acknowledge in manner or words the superiority of other persons; superiority in position, in age, knowledge, or goodness.

And this is of different degrees, as politeness is.

Many things are best understood by considering their opposites. The light would seem truly divine to a man who had been confined for a day even in total darkness. A clear, sunny day seems doubly joyous after a cold storm. The blessedness of quiet will be most appreciated after a week of turmoil and noise and bustle. This is why God has filled nature and life so full of contrasts. Now, if any of you were to come suddenly upon a party of boys, and hear them using profane and unkind language towards an old man, and learned that

the old man was the grandfather of the boys, the mixture of disrespect and irreverence would horrify you, even though you might not be remarkable for respect and reverence yourselves.

Many a boy or girl who might not think any thing of speaking disrespectfully of or to their teacher or father, or some person every way superior in intelligence and goodness, or who might think it a thing of no consequence to play in church or read during the service, even during the prayer, would be very much impressed by the disrespect manifested by a boy who should abuse an old person; or the irreverence, amounting to sacrilege, of a boy who could be guilty of profaning the communion-table and its furniture by any game or playing therewith.

Reverence, in a word, is respect towards God and divine things.

It is not in itself a virtue; but it is the elevator and purifier and beautifier of all the virtues.

I told you in my last sermon that truth is the foundation of the temple of character.

Reverence, which includes respect and true politeness, is the adornment; that which gives the structure its attractiveness and delight in the eyes of God and men. A building without ornament would keep out the wind and rain as well, perhaps; and a character without reverence may be truly religious, as one without respect may be perfectly moral; or a man be entirely honest, though rude as an Indian. So I have no doubt the trees would bear perfectly good fruit, though they had been made to grow as stiff as stakes, with leaves,

twigs, and blossoms all black as ink, instead of being graceful beyond comparison, and delighting the eye with their varying color. I do not imagine that the exquisite fragrance, which fills the air when the apple-trees are in bloom, is necessary. Certainly God could have so arranged the clouds that they could discharge their office of watering the earth without taking upon them such shapes of matchless beauty and hues of wondrous richness.

Now, if you children had lived, even the few years you have lived, in a world which had nothing in it not necessary, no beauty nor grace, with houses and clothing and every thing made with the single eye to service, what a dull, stiff, uninteresting set of little people you would be, though you might be perfectly healthy, and perfectly correct and proper.

So these beauties with which God surrounds us and prompts us to cultivate ourselves, are educators; so politeness and respect, and, above all, reverence, are more than ornaments of character: they sweeten and purify it. A boy or girl, man or woman, who is wanting in politeness, however honest, intelligent, or learned he or she may be, has an element of boorishness which is of the earth, — is low and animal. One who fails in proper respect towards those to whom respect is due, whatever his virtues, lacks genuine pureness of heart; and one whose character lacks the savor of reverence, is no more to be depended upon than the compass whose needle has lost its magnetic power.

For reverence, if real, keeps the heart and life and acts true to God; respect, if genuine, keeps us loyal to

those things which are worthy of, and command, our respect; and politeness, of the true sort springing from kindness of heart, tends to make us faithful and considerate to our fellows. Thus they are the magnetism which keeps the needle of our heart's compass true to the north-star of right, above and below. This is why I would have you possess reverence; and, to possess it, you must cultivate it.

And, in order to cultivate it, you must keep in mind and observe a few simple rules, as really rules of life or principles. Never allow yourself to speak trivially or slightingly of sacred things; to joke about religious matters. It does not hurt God to "take his name in vain;" it does not, I believe, even offend him in the sense of making him angry; but it grieves him, and hurts you. So every form of irreverence hurts whoever is guilty of it. It makes a boy less of a true boy, a girl less of a true girl.

This building is built like other buildings, and was originally in no sense more sacred. But having been consecrated to the worship of God, devoted to and reserved for that purpose, it has now a different character.

And a manner or conversation which would be proper enough elsewhere, is unbecoming here. Better far to stay away from God's house, than to come to read, whisper, or play, instead of giving your attention, while here, to the services.

These little things, little habits, bad and good, seemingly so unimportant in themselves, are the little steps by which we go from the innocence and purity of youth

down into the depths of an impure, sordid, unlovely, and unlovable manhood or womanhood; or ascend, as God and all good men and angels want us to, up to the light and joy of a broad, generous, lively, helpful, and reverent life.

Which way would you prefer to go?

V.

COMFORT OF LOVE.

2 Cor. v. 7: "We walk by faith, not by sight."
Ps. xxxvi. 22: "None of them that trust in God shall be desolate."
Phil. ii. 1: "Comfort of love."

Faith — Trust — Love, — these were to form the subject of our sermon. Now there are two ways — that is, two natural and regular ways — of writing sermons; sermons, I mean, which aim to convince, instruct, and help people. One way is, when the preacher, having a certain important truth which he wants to induce people to believe and practise, just keeps it to himself for a while, and first states and illustrates and proves other simpler truths, which, one by one, prepare the way and lead to the great truth, and then, towards the end of his sermon, states the great truth; and, however people might have been inclined to doubt it if stated at first, they now see it is a truth which they ought to believe and practise. As if I knew a boy who had never had any moral or religious instruction, and was accustomed

to tell an untruth whenever it seemed to serve his purpose; and I wanted to show him the sin of falsehood, and help him to be a truthful boy. Instead of saying at the start, "It is very wicked to tell a lie; you must never do it," I should begin by telling him some story showing the evil effects of a particular lie told by some particular boy; and then go on to illustrate how lies always produce bad results at last, and how beautiful truth is. Then, if I stated the principle, and gave him the command, he would at least see the justice and reason of the thing, if he did not immediately reform. That is one way, and a very good way in many cases. The other way is for the preacher to state frankly, at the outset, just what he wants to show and prove; and then go on to show and prove it. And this is the most direct way, and most likely to interest and keep the attention; because you know just what the preacher is driving at. So I shall adopt this second way in this little sermon.

The truth I want to impart to you now, and which I believe with all my heart, is, that faith in God, trust in God, and love for him, are the three best things in the world, and are so closely connected as to be really but one thing in fact. For if you have the faith, you will trust, and then love follows, sure. Faith is the seed; trust, the plant; and love, the blossom or fruit. There can be no love nor trust without faith any more than there can be a plant or fruit without the seed first.

Now you know well enough, practically, what faith and trust are. You often say, "There, I don't believe in" such a boy; that is, you have not faith in him; and

if you have not faith in him, you are pretty sure not to trust him with any thing that belongs to you, or trust to him for any thing you want; and under that state of things there will be precious little love between you. Not that there will be hatred necessarily, only indifference, — you do not care any thing about him; which may be a great pity, for perhaps the boy might do you a great deal of good, or, better still, you might do him good if you did love him. The first thing you want, then, is faith in him. And how can you get it? Why just observe him for a time, and if you find he is truthful and fair and honest and kindly, as boys average, your faith will grow without your knowing it, and trust and love will follow. Let us see if this is not always so. If any of you have a baby brother or sister at home, and have noticed it much, you can judge partially whether my theory as to what makes baby love its mother is not correct. At first baby was very wee, and did not seem to know any thing; by and by, as its little mind began to wake up, it noticed that one person was always kind and gentle to it, always spoke softly and pleasantly to it, sang to it, when it was in pain tried every thing to soothe and comfort it, was always watchful and careful. So pretty soon baby began to have faith in that one particular person.

Long before it could say the word or think the thought, it had acquired faith as a result of loving acts done towards it. Other persons, to be sure, if they had pleasant faces and kindly voices, baby would go to for a little while, for baby's baby-reason had taught it that if one person with a pleasant face and soft voice was kind to it, probably another would be.

But let a repulsive or unloving person approach baby, and it turns eagerly to mother, in whom its faith is firmly rooted, and whom, consequently, it trusts implicitly. This trust baby finds is never betrayed. Sometimes when it is in pain, mother may give it unpleasant medicine; but, as the effect is to cure the pain, the trust is made more complete, and the perfection of trust is love, — love for the person who has won our trust by being faithful. So baby comes, by a perfectly natural process, to love its mother, if she is faithful, better than anybody else.

Take another illustration.

Some bright December morning, you go down to the pond for a skate. At the side of the pond you meet a boy who has always lived in India, and never saw any ice before. He sees you putting on your skates, and asks you what you are going to do. You explain, and he exclaims against the possibility of the thing. You reply, "I know that a few weeks ago I could not step on here without going to the bottom of the pond, and getting wet all over; but we have had some pretty cold nights since then, and the water is now changed into ice, and would bear an ox-team. I have faith in its bearing me, and will trust it." You go on the ice, have a nice skate, realize what you love, like, enjoy, take comfort in. For love means more than mere passion, affection, or preference for certain persons; it is a sort of crowning satisfaction, a reward of right-doing in small things as well as great, a harmony, — the "comfort of love." By doing right in eating and drinking and exercising, our bodies get the reward in bodily

health and natural development; by having faith in the laws of health, and trusting to them, physical comfort and perfection is the result.

If we do right in our reading and study, the mind gets its reward in what the mind delights in; that is, information, knowledge, power of thinking. So if we have faith in each other and our friends, and trust them, love comes as the crowning delight, result, reward, — giving to the text, "Comfort of love," new meaning.

Every spring-time thousands of people, having, from observation of what has taken place in former years or from what other people have told them, faith in the operations of nature, trust bushels upon bushels of valuable seed to the dark, damp earth, and cover it up; and in due time that which they desire or need or enjoy comes to perfection, after its kind, as a result of their faith and trust.

Now, suppose you do not have faith in mother: you certainly ought to have, you have reason enough for having it; but perhaps you do not trust her, and consequently disobey her commands and disregard her wishes. You do not love her, then, as you did when you were obedient, and trusted her fully, — you cannot, any more than you could have the fun you love or like, enjoy the skating, if you did not have faith in the ice and trust to it.

Now, all I have said about the value of faith and its blessed result in love is ten times true when applied to God. If you, from the smallest to the greatest, have faith in God, that is, believe he is the best being in the universe, the wisest and the most powerful; and that

he is your heavenly Father, caring for you, every one, desirous that you should be good and happy and pure; if you had this faith really, then you would trust God just as baby trusts its mother or the farmer trusts to nature; and trusting to God means trusting to his guidance, doing just what he has told you in his holy Word, what he tells you every hour and minute in your conscience, no matter if sometimes it is hard, and seems hurtful; if you have faith in God, and trust him, he will bring you out right, and you cannot help loving him. God never forfeits our faith or betrays our trust. Nothing else in the world can inspire such perfect faith. All mothers are not always unselfish and kind and careful: they get weary and out of patience, and make mistakes sometimes; then the child's faith gets a little shock. The trust crumbles away a little, and a little alloy gets mixed up with the love; or the ice you had faith in and trusted to broke under you, and your enjoyment was turned into discomfort; or the seeds which your faith prompted you to trust to the earth in the spring were put in too deep or too early, or some worm destroyed it, and no fruit came. But no such fate attends any faith we may have in God; for he is above all chance happenings or accidents. I have said, or tried to show, that our love for all persons and things, even love for God himself, is proportioned to our faith and trust.

I believe the secret of God's abundant and overflowing love for all his children, of which we have such convincing proof every day we live, is thus "abundant and overflowing," because God has such faith in us, his

children, and trusts us so entirely; and that he is able to have this faith and trust, because, in his infinite knowledge, he sees how much there is in man, and how good he might become if he only would have faith in his Creator, trust him, and love him. Now if you have followed my sermon, and I have tried to make it plain so that you could, you will have discovered that I consider love towards God the best thing in the world for us. And this is one of the great lessons you have to learn.

This is what the Sunday school and the Church try to make children and men and women believe; for if they all did believe it, then they would be anxious to gain this love. I have not time in this sermon to name a hundredth part of the reasons there are for believing that if everybody just simply loved God, and, consequently, tried every hour to do as he wants us to do (and when you love anybody you are sure to try to please them), the world would be the happiest spot we can conceive of, — it would be heaven on earth. Your teachers and all good books, and your consciences when you do right, will give you reasons enough for believing this; so I will not dwell upon that, but say a word or two in conclusion about how the love is to be got.

You cannot love God, any more than you can love a new school-mate, right off, by just wanting to. It comes, I have said, by trusting in God; because when you trust him, and see how splendidly every thing works for good, you cannot help loving him with all your heart; and trust comes from having faith. So what you have to seek for is faith; and faith, that is, belief,

is founded on knowledge; and this knowledge of God, this showing his power and wisdom and skill and loving-kindness and thoughtful tenderness and unchangeable goodness, is the other great work of the Sunday school and the Church; and the world is full of illustrations and proofs of it. Every joint and muscle and nerve of your bodies, every faculty of your minds, and every affection of your hearts, every part of nature, — the vegetable world, the mineral world, the animal kingdom, — all space, the stars and planets; all history, all science, all experience, combine to testify to it.

If you should live a thousand years, and learn something new about it every day, you could not begin to exhaust the proofs that there is a Supreme Being or a Power in whom you may have perfect faith, and to whom, if you have perfect faith, you will trust, and whom, if you do trust, you will love. And then if you lived another thousand years, and loved more and more every hour, you could not begin to exhaust the satisfaction and "comfort of" this "love."

So that any person who has one grain of sense can find reason enough for faith in God; and trust and love will follow.

VI.

CHARACTER.

GEN. xli. 9: "I do remember my faults this day."

EVERY boy's and girl's character, — and men and women are but boys and girls grown older and larger, — every boy's and girl's character has two sides. One side is made of virtues and good impulses, the other of vices and faults. And while virtues are in themselves stronger and more valuable than good impulses, and vices are stronger and more dangerous than faults, yet, after all, perhaps the world, including ourselves, is helped more by our good impulses than by our virtues, and hindered more by our faults than by our vices. And the reason is this: virtues may exist, but be inactive. There are many good people in the world, — "good for nothing," you might say; that is, good to no purpose. They never do any thing with their goodness. They "would not hurt a fly," to be sure, but neither would they help him. They are like some people who have heaps of money which they never use to make other people happier; or others who are very wise, but keep all their wisdom to themselves, and never help anybody else's ignorance. Better have one talent, and use it, than ten talents, and bury them. So it is with too many persons' virtues: they know they have them, and think that is enough. But a good impulse is an active thing; its very name, "impulse,"

implies action. And a small thing in motion is more effective than a great thing which does not move. So, though my desires and prayers are that you may grow up to be virtuous men and women, with good principles, I desire it because I trust they will be active virtues, and principles with fruit as well as root; and I would prefer you to possess one good, generous "impulse," rather than ten dead "virtues."

Let me tell you something which may illustrate what I mean. When I was a small boy, nine or ten years old, I went out boating one Saturday afternoon with my school-mates. We had a large yawl boat fitted up, with wheels like a steamboat, only the engines were the boys. The boat plied to and from an island in the harbor. Of course, there were all kinds of boys in the party: some good, some bad, and some indifferent. We landed on the island, played there awhile, and started to return. The boat was run up on the beach, and stuck in the sand, so that, though the water surrounded it, boys would catch hold of the bow and pull themselves on board. When my turn came I tried the same way, but, being smaller than the rest, I had to stretch out so far to touch the boat, that I lost my balance, and had no power to pull myself on board. To make matters worse, my leaning against the boat loosened its hold upon the sand, and it began slowly to slide off, threatening to pull me into the water with it, and I could not let go without falling forward into the water. In this dilemma, a boy — not a good one according to the Book, rather a bad boy in fact, but a boy of good impulses — stepped forward into the water,

wetting shoes, stockings, and trousers to his knees, grasped me round the waist and swung me clean into the boat. Though this was many years ago, I have never forgotten the boy nor this act; he is the only boy of the party whose name I remember. I have not seen him nor heard of him for years; I do not know whether he is alive. But if he is, I feel sure that, though he may not be remarkable for his virtues, or have perhaps much to say about religion, if any one about him is in trouble and needs help, this boy will be the one to give it. This must be remembered: however much good impulses help others, they are only valuable to us, when really developed into good principles.

But our sermon to-day is to be about faults, not graces; so, with a word more, I will turn to the other side of the picture. And that word is this: If you have good impulses, indulge them always, and they will gradually ripen into good principles without dying in the process. If you have not good impulses, if you do not find yourself impelled by something inside you to help anybody in distress, to share your good things with others, to do a good, unselfish turn whenever you can, so much the more need of cultivating your virtues, of doing right from principle, of compelling yourself to be just and honest and generous and thoughtful.

The other side of our character is made up of vices and faults. And of these, the faults are probably the most troublesome, because they are the more numerous and the more active. A person will have, perhaps, but

two or three vices, and may have as many dozen faults. The vices only act now and then, the faults are always active. For example, one boy may be untruthful,—that is a vice, we are all agreed, I think; he has, in addition, the fault of disorder. Now being so frequently blamed, perhaps punished, for leaving whatever he has to use, or to play with, wherever he happened last to use it, he is tempted, when questioned as to the whereabout of some missing article, to deny all knowledge of it; to say he never had it. Thus, a fault indulged, not only is apt to grow into a vice, but it provokes the vices themselves to activity.

The desire for revenge, that is, the wish and effort to make any one who has injured us suffer in return, is a vice. A quick temper is a fault. But then a hasty temper indulged, instead of repressed, may grow until it includes anger, revenge, and even murder.

Pertness is a fault of childhood. Children fancy it is smart to have a sharp answer for those who address them, and they are often encouraged by the applause of their elders. But from pertness the fault, grows disrespect, insubordination, and at last irreverence the vice. Selfishness is a fault: avariciousness, overreaching, is a vice. Yet the boy who has the reputation of always wanting and striving for the best for himself, who hates to share with his playmates or give up to them, grows as naturally, if no pains are taken to prevent it, into a hard, sharp, grasping, unsympathetic man, as he grows into a man at all. These faults, which grow into vices, are like little cracks in plate-glass. You have seen perhaps large panes of glass four or

five feet long, and very thick. If a little flaw or crack appears in one corner of the pane it will gradually extend up, up, until it extends quite across the pane, disfiguring it all the while, and spoiling it at last. There is a way of stopping these cracks. When one appears, a little hole is bored through the glass just at the very extremity of the crack, and that prevents the split from extending further. The crack cannot be taken out; but it can be stopped.. So, as you are human boys and girls, and not little angels, you cannot help having some faults; but, by trying hard, you can help their getting such control over you as to grow into actual vices, and break out into open sins.

You are not to be blamed for having faults, any more than to be praised for having good impulses. But when your faults are pointed out, and their evil consequences made known, if you take no pains to remedy them, then the blame is with you.

Now, there is another class of faults which never grow to be any thing worse than faults, but which, as such, are unlovely and injurious; and can be, and should be, utterly rooted out.

As I wish you to "remember your faults this day," I will name some of them. There is the fault of inattention — heedlessness. How much trouble and inconvenience that occasions! A boy is told to do something. He listens with one ear, says, "Yes'm," and by and by his mother finds just the wrong thing has been done. She seeks an explanation, and gets the ready answer, "Oh! I didn't mind exactly what you said." It is not perhaps of much importance, though it gives his mother

a deal of trouble; but if the fault is not rooted out, as it can be, he will find by and by that the world outside is not so forgiving and long-suffering as a mother is, and that it has a way of making careless, inattentive men and women very uncomfortable.

Then there is the fault of tardiness, lagging, being always too late. It is not very serious now, while you have no great responsibilities, though you inconvenience other people a good deal by it; but, when you are a man, you will find it a very troublesome fault. Opportunities for improvement and advancement and growth do not wait for laggards, any more than the cars do. This fault, children, may be really cured, so that you shall be always prompt and up to time. If three hundred men and women and children, living in all parts of Boston, agreed to meet at the Liberty-tree on the Common, at twenty minutes before six to-morrow night; some would be there at quarter past five, and others would come dropping along until the appointed time, when it would be found that fully one-third were late. And every one of the late ones would have some good excuse: they were detained on the way, did not know it was so far, or their watches were slow. Yet that number of persons get together at the railroad station several times every day to take the cars; they collect from all parts of the city, rarely get there in advance, and yet I do not suppose ten persons in a week miss a train.

A habit of punctuality, which is invaluable, will drive out the fault of loafing, which is always a nuisance, and gets to be a serious defect. Then there are the faults of ungentleness and of teasing others, generally younger

children; and the fault of untidiness, which extends, as you get older, from your person to your business, and to all your affairs, until you are known as one who never does any thing thoroughly.

Now all these faults, and many more which you will remember, — faults which do not grow to be vices, which do not prey upon the good that is in you as vices do, only prevent the good that is in you from bringing forth the fruit it ought, — are like the canker-worms on the fruit-trees. The canker-worm does not feed upon the fruit-blossom: it only eats the leaves of the tree; but by that means the blossoms lose the shade the leaves would afford, and so dry up and fall off, and we get no fruit. And then the poor tree, as if ashamed of its nakedness, makes a desperate effort to throw out a second crop of leaves, and very much exhausts itself in so doing.

A vice is like a caterpillar, which eats the very blossom of good itself. "One sinner," say the Scriptures, "destroyeth much good." Theft, or lying, or any other vice, it seems, is utterly inconsistent with goodness or well-doing; so we preach and warn against the vices. But the fault, the canker-worm, which only eats the leaf, we think only a trifling matter. A boy or a man may be uncivil or slovenly or tardy, and yet be very good and kind, and mean well; but, unhappily, as the sinner (the caterpillar) destroys much good, the fault (the canker-worm) prevents a great deal more good, which might exist. How many an opportunity for doing good and getting good has been lost by being a little too late; or by heedlessness or inattention, or by uttering an un-

fortunate, hasty, and unkind word! How many lives and characters, growing up in the soil of good circumstances, and blessed with the sun and dew of abundant opportunity, stand naked, fruitless, leafless, before the world, stripped by neglected faults! Without one vice, yet uselessly cumbering the ground. In shame, they may try to put forth a new covering of leaves, which may do some good in the world in the way of shade; but it is forever too late to bear fruit.

O children, "remember your faults" every day until they be rooted out, and the virtues and good impulses have full chance to flourish and bring forth fruit!

"Veil, Lord, mine eyes till she be past,
When folly tempts my sight;
Keep thou my palate and my taste
From gluttonous delight.
Stop thou mine ear from sirens' songs,
My tongue from lies restrain;
Withhold my hands from doing wrong,
My feet from courses vain.

"Teach, likewise, every other sense
To act an honest part,
But chiefly settle innocence
And pureness in my heart:
So nought without me or within
Shall work an ill effect,
By tempting me to act a sin,
A virtue to neglect."

SERMONS.

SERMONS.

LOVE OF GOD.*

2 Cor. v. 14: "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Mankind are subject to two sorts of constraint, external and internal: the one operating from without, inwardly; the other, from within, outwardly. A man is under constraint when his liberty is abridged by material or palpable fetters, or by imprisonment, or by physical infirmity or disability. He is no less under constraint when he is centred or bound by his affections. In fact, the latter sort of constraint is more effectual and binding, since it disarms the will and destroys or dispels the desire for liberty, which, in the former case, is rather enhanced and increased by the enforced contraction of freedom. With the will free, the desire for liberty strong within us, bolts and bars, sentinels and bonds, are often powerless to restrain. The soldier taken in battle becomes a prisoner of war, whose liberty again to engage in the contest against the party capturing him it is for their interest to abridge; hence he is disarmed, put under guard, perhaps placed in confinement, and, if refractory, fettered; or he is released upon his parole of honor not to bear arms during the existing

* Mr. Walker's first sermon, delivered at Pitts-street Chapel.

contest, unless exchanged. In both cases, he is equally under constraint. But, it will readily appear, the latter form of it is more secure and binding than the former (if the subject be a true man), since that is from within, — the man's honor constrains him. His is a secure, because a consenting, bondage; albeit the consent is involuntary and forced.

The idea I have here unfolded and briefly illustrated may, in its broadest form, as applied to our daily lives and acts, be stated thus: Our external constraints are the circumstances which surround us, hedging us in, circumscribing our free agency, and, unopposed, reducing us to absolute bondage. Indeed we often speak of a man as the "victim of circumstances." In point of fact, there are no such victims; but men do often become the slaves of circumstances through their own inertness or weakness or criminality.

Our internal constraints are the motives, passions, appetites, or affections, which govern and control us; and it is to this class of constraints to which I ask your present attention. Numerous and complex as are these inward constraints, there is in every man some single predominating and supreme influence which especially controls and directs him; some central desire or purpose about which his thoughts and life swing, as the stellar systems, whatever their individual motions, their temporary attractions and repulsions, swing about their central suns.

The compactness, consistency, unity, and force of the life depend upon the singleness and strength of the central purpose, upon its power to subject and control all

aberrations and disturbing attractions; while the purity, elevation, and dignity of the life depend upon the character of the affection. If it be mean, sordid, and selfish, it follows inevitably that the life will be narrow, more or less base, and unworthy; but if this supreme affection be fixed upon something noble, outside of and above self, it will mould the life in a form worthy the children of a divine origin. This figure of a "circle" is a very familiar one in our ordinary affairs and conversations. A man's path of activity we call his "orbit." We talk of the "sphere" of duty; the daily "round" of labors, pleasures, cares; of the revolving seasons, the wheel of fortune, the family circle. Even beyond the shores of time the figure is preserved, — the symbol of eternity, of immortal life, the unending hereafter, is still a "circle."

Every man's active life, I have said, swings with more or less fidelity about a certain fixed centre, some supreme affection which determines his life, and is the key to his character.

1. Prominent and most general among these central purposes is the desire of gain. No single passion is so strong, so absorbing, so abiding. The life, of which it is the active purpose, shows the evidence of its influence to its utmost circumference, and through every inch of its progress. It stimulates the faculties, spurs on the flagging energies, restricts the appetites, restrains the other passions, the indulgence of which would tend to limit or impede the full swing of this supreme one. A man in whom the desire of gain is paramount, whose chiefest desire and effort is to "get on" in the world,

may be circumspect and moral, guilty of no open or active sins, though he will be almost sure to fall into the minor and meaner ones of prevarication, deception, and over-reaching; while, in its excess, this passion opens the way for almost the whole catalogue of offences against God or man, blunting the moral sensibilities, till it stops at no barrier which intervenes between it and its cherished object of pursuit.

"The love of money is the root of all evil," and if it do not bring forth its fulness of fruit, credit so much to the unfavorable quality of the soil about it. Almost all the other vices, even the grosser, are consonant with a certain sort of generosity and openness; but avariciousness shuts up every avenue to good feeling.

I need not occupy time to show you how far such a life, swinging round so false and unworthy a centre, constrained by such ignoble and self-limited motives, must fall short of God's requirement; nor paint the solitary hours and the declining years of such an one, in contrast to those of him whom the "love of Christ constrains."

2. The second of these false centres of existence to which I shall allude is love of pleasure. Not that pleasure — pure, innocent pleasure — is in itself other than harmless and healthful; only, this must flow to us as a result of obedience to God's will, cheerfully and gladly performed out of love to him, with no eye to its reward. This is very different from a life whose governing principle is sensuous delight. A life or character which grows about such an affection will, indeed, exhibit qualities differing widely from those engendered by the pursuit of gain, and generally far more attractive. The

lover of pleasure is likely to be open-handed and free and companionable. He may possess refined sensibilities and elevated tastes.

But the inevitable result of thus estimating and weighing all events and circumstances by their effects upon his organs of sense, of making personal pleasure, ease, or comfort the central spring of his life and acts, is to generate selfishness, unreliability, and heartlessness. His very good nature is moody, his kind acts spasmodic and uncertain, his occasional generosities mere self-gratification, entirely without root in principle, and therefore without the fruitage of satisfaction or joy or peace. The unsatisfying nature of mere pleasure is indicated by its very vocabulary. We speak of pleasure as "pastime," "diversion," intimating thereby that it is not a source of happiness, or of strength even, but merely an expedient to pass without weariness the hours, or to divert us from more serious thoughts. In doing this it has its good purpose. "But," says Bishop Wilson, "he that liveth life for the sake of the pleasures and advantages it affords, will soon lose the love of heavenly things, the love of God and of his own soul, and of the duty he owes to them."

Thus in the mildest and most innocent form which such a life assumes there is little to admire, much to censure and condemn, and more to fear. We have to fear hardness and heartlessness, growing appetites and passions; and as years go by, and the senses become blunted, mere outward pleasures fail longer to yield their accustomed delights: with no resources, no treasures of love and sacrifice laid up, no hope, how must the

emptiness and utter worthlessness of such a life be forced upon even the most thoughtless and indifferent and selfish. Thus, from even the lowest plane of argument, the falsity of this centre for a human life must be apparent.

3. Another of these internal constraints under the influence of which a man's life compacts and hardens into form is ambition, — love of deference, of power and rule. This passion shows itself, not alone in the craving for official or public position, but in the strivings for the possession of those things which give social or personal consideration and distinction. It includes greed of gain and many other passions which promise, in their culmination, to become means to this coveted end; consequently, the life which develops under such an influence may exhibit, either as cause or effect, the whole round of possible meannesses and sins. It ranges, in turn, from sycophancy to tyranny, from lavishness to parsimony, from seeming love to real and avowed hatred. It schemes and flatters, and bribes and threatens; leaves untried no means to attain its cherished influence or power over men; and when secured, restrained by no superior governing power, uses its acquisitions as unscrupulously as it used means to attain them, for selfish and personal ends.

This, as I have said, is by no means a passion confined to public life. We put Napoleon as the type of a man centred and controlled all through by ambition; but there are Napoleons in every village and neighborhood; everywhere there are those who desire and strive to be dictators, managers, referees, authorities, oracles. Of

course no genuine life can flow, no respectable weight of character can crystallize, without eventually insuring to the possessor a degree of respect and confidence and of consequent influence, which shall come to render him a person to be consulted and trusted and deferred to. This is the simplest justice, one of the pleasurable rewards, which, unsought, come freely to the upright, and not for an instant to be confounded with that arbitrary, dogmatic, and exacting control, which, for its own gratification and purposes, asserts itself and enforces its claims on all occasions.

It is not amiss here to say, that very possibly many persons are unaware of being strongly under the direction of any single controlling affection or passion. Perhaps those most strongly centred are thus unconscious. Willing subjects feel no bonds. Following with ardent impetuosity a certain purpose, they never stay to look within their souls for motives. And with persons of small force, or more nearly balanced characters, doubtless there are complex influences; but not one character would fail, if fairly sifted, to reveal some single supreme influence which gives direction to the whole, however interfered with by other minor ones. And even those lines which, after careful scrutiny, seem to manifest no positive and decided bent or purpose, will be found after all to come fairly within the second of the groups or classes I have named; that is, the "lovers of pleasure," — pleasure in its passive form, — lovers of ease; persons whose very lack of conscious purpose, force, or systematic effort, constitutes in itself a bondage the most deadening, fearful, and hopeless in the whole

category,—the bondage of sloth, inertness, frivolity, torpor, ease.

For where there is vitality, however perverted, and motion, in whatever wrong direction, there is hope of reform which shall convert the activity to good ends; but "salt which has lost its savor, is good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under the feet of men."

4. A fourth, and the most delusive of all these false centres, is love of knowledge. "Delusive," because knowledge, while so fatal when sought as an end, is so unexceptionable and beneficent as a means; so generally elevating and broadening to the character, giving greater possibilities of usefulness and purity and durability of enjoyment to its devotee.

The baleful influence of this great power, when made a central force—an end—is to be seen more in the general deification of the principle itself than in individual instances of its operations and effects. There is a universal deference to knowledge in the abstract, to the capacity for it, and the results of it; to mental acuteness and acquisition, which is fearfully demoralizing. From the well-known rebuke of the general, who pronounced a certain military movement to be "worse than a crime,—a blunder;" to our daily and hourly commiseration of a man's weak head, while we frankly allow his warm and pure heart, there is, pervading society everywhere, a sort of tacit homage to superior intellectual wealth or force, dissociated from any thing which hallows and consecrates it, that is hurtful and pernicious in the extreme. Often where the strongest restraints are imposed, and the most active measures

taken, to prevent the growth of an undue love of gain; where the unsatisfying and unworthy nature of a life of ease or pleasure is earnestly dwelt upon; where ambition and self-seeking are inveighed against in good set terms, the flowery paths of learning are pointed out as safe and sufficient, and every stimulus employed to encourage the walking therein.

"How many perish by reason of vain learning in this world, who take little care of the serving of God," saith one who had dug deep into the mysteries of the human heart; and another, "Many get no profit of their labor, because they contend for knowledge rather than for a holy life; and the time shall come when it shall avail thee more to have subdued one lust than to have known all mysteries."

Not that knowledge is to be despised, or wealth or pleasure; only beware how they usurp the seat of power and control within. The only true wisdom is the knowledge of God; and the depth of ignorance is sin. "Thus," saith the Lord, "let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me; that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

5. The fifth and last of these false centres which I shall name is love of goodness. From what has been said, it will readily appear that there is, in my view, but one true centre for a human life, as, I believe, there is but one possible centre for an immortal life, and that is love

of God. Between that and "love of goodness" there is a wide distinction; though it must be admitted that the latter leaves its possessor not far from the kingdom of heaven, and should, and doubtless will, lead him into it.

But leave him outside it may, and assuredly will, if the lower love is really his controlling centre; if deeds of nobleness, if Christian acts of love, devotion, benevolence, self-sacrifice, and faith create a thrill of admiration in the heart, and only that; if pious words, holy thoughts, earnest appeals, good examples, Christian times and seasons generate pleasurable emotions merely, however elevated and devout; if, in short, religious sentimentality, and not the sentiment of religion, is the central force of the life and character, however much it may tend to sweetness and purity, such a life will fall fatally short of the life of him whom the "love of Christ" constrains.

Indeed, what a world-wide contrast do all those lives which grow about these false and unworthy centres of affection present to the life of one whom the love of God constrains. If, even in earthly relations, the nobler the love the nobler the life; if one cannot revere a good man, or possess affection for a pure woman, without being better and purer for the sentiment; if one cannot even respect abstract goodness, justice, humanity, and truth, without partaking in some degree of those qualities, how can he love God — the fountain of goodness and purity and justice and truth — supremely, and not be let into all righteousness?

Study the character of Christ, the one being in all

history who was thus unalterably centred and controlled; study his character, dissevered from all idea of his mediatorial mission of miraculousness or divinity; study his short and eventful life, as that of a Son of man whom the love of God supremely constrained, whose every act and word and thought reached inward, holding on with firm grasp, and being directed and controlled by this great central principle, or affection. "A man of like passions, and tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin," — for how can he sin, whose constant and unswerving purpose it is to do in all things the will of his Father in heaven? What part have avarice or love of gain with him who unquestioningly obeys the divine injunction to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness? How can appetite or pleasure tempt or allure him whose meat and drink it is to do the will of his Father in heaven? How insipid and unsavory must be the mere pleasure of sense to him who has tasted the sweets of an actively unselfish existence!

> "Without God's presence, wealth is bags of cares,
> Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness;
> Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
> Pleasures are pain, and mirth but pleasing madness."

I have used the phrase "love of God" and "love of Christ" interchangeably, because to my mind they are practically synonymous. Our attachment to, and love of, good men is necessarily proportioned to their goodness; that is, to the amount of the Godlike they reveal. Christ, presenting in the highest perfection and purity all the Godlike elements of love and sinlessness, chal-

lenges our warmest affection. In the immeasurable space between our frail humanity and the Omnipotent, he stands an essentially human embodiment of the Father's love and perfections, appealing to our finite perceptions; and he that knoweth and loveth him, knoweth and loveth the Father also. And he craves and claims our love only that he may lead us to the Father.

Manifestly, all that has been said thus far would be of little worth were we to stop here. It would be little to exhibit, never so clearly, the distinctions between the false and the true; to show, never so conclusively, the inevitably fatal termination of one, and the supremely happy result of the other, without at least an attempt to help those that need and desire it from the influence of one set of attractions into that of the other, — the only true and safe one.

It is not enough that we have set before us "life and good, and death and evil," if we make no effort to arouse ourselves and others to a sense of the danger of trusting to mental or even spiritual assent while action is wanting. Granting that all that has been said is true, and allowing the utmost that can be claimed for the constraining love of God and Christ, as a central, controlling power, which can give Christian soundness and heavenward direction a divine consistency, a pure and holy fragrance, an outward joy and an inward peace, to a human life, how is this love to be secured? Grant man to be this organism of limitless capabilities, who is to attune it, and set at work the right power within it? Assuming that most children could, and possibly all might, be so educated and trained as never to know any other central

purpose than love to God, to whom their affections should flow out as unquestioningly and naturally and freely as towards their parents, yet, unhappily, few children have been so educated, or are being so educated. And here we are, men and women, so far on the journey of life, and more or less under the influence of one or another of these false and unworthy centres; and, half conscious, perhaps fully aware, of our errors and dangers, we desire to be set right.

This "love of God," which is able to "constrain" us into all good, whence comes it? How is it attained? Where it exists in its fulness and power, it is difficult to tell whether it is most a cause or an effect; but where it exists not, as alas! so many human lives give evidence of its absence, it must first come as a result. As a result of what? Clearly of doing the will of the Father! It is a fact so entirely within everybody's experience, as to need only to be stated to be accepted, that our real interests in, and loves for, our fellows are in indirect proportion; not to what they do for us, but what we do for them! This must be true as a principle, or God would this instant possess the devoted attachment of every creature. If benefactions bestowed were the measure of love to the giver, who could help loving the Omniscient, who overflows daily and hourly in blessings on all his children.

Do something for God, if you would have love for him abound within you! Do you ask what? Begin with the simplest form of doing his will, in purging the life of sinful acts, the heart of vain thoughts, and cleansing the lips from idle, hasty, or unkind words.

"It is with piety as with the mysterious ladder that was exhibited to the patriarch Jacob, the foot of which rested on earth, but the summit reached the skies; it is only by degrees that we ascend, but it is by degrees that we can finally arrive at the highest elevation of which our nature is capable." Do something for God: a cup of cold water, a kind word, a loving thought bestowed in his name upon one of his little ones, is a seed entirely within our power to plant, of which the fruit will be the kindling of love through the creature to the Creator.

These times upon which we are fallen — troublous, yet blessed — can hardly fail to lead thousands into right relations with the infinite Father, through the very expanding of our human sympathies they compel.

"No man becomes a saint in his sleep." Do something for God; at least be willing to sacrifice a doubt for him. Give him your confidence; surely there is foundation enough for that. Have faith enough to use the simple means concerning which there can be no question, and, as sure as God liveth, as surely as the living and dying testimony of every righteous son of Adam cannot be false, there shall flow into your hearts this divine love of the divine, which shall thenceforth direct and control every act of your lives.

Did you ever see a bottle so filled to the brim with water that the air could find no chance for entrance, so that though the vessel be reversed no water flowed out, till, being jarred, or struck, or shaken, or some small-pointed object being applied to its mouth, one drop appears, and is instantly replaced by air; and then

rapidly the transfer proceeds, till the contents of the vessel are replaced by the more subtle fluid?

A faithful type of how many human hearts! Filled to the brim with the bitter and unsatisfying waters of selfishness and self-seeking; not a particle of the pure, expansive, life-giving air of God's love can enter, till in good time the jar of falling hopes, the grasp of adversity, the contractions of disappointment, or the motion of a sorrowing unrest, so disturb the heart-vessel as to start out one drop of its impure contents. Instantly a drop of God's love replaces it, and then, drop by drop, drop for drop, the contents of that heart are changed; and love to God, love which is obedience to his will, becomes all in all.

Let us not wait for the hand of violence to discharge and recharge our heart-vessels; but let us at this hour insert the point of an awakened conviction, a good purpose, even of a new desire, and thus begin the work which God will carry forward to perfection.

CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

EPH. v. 8: "Walk as children of light."

THIS admonition of the great apostle, if not really addressed to the church at Ephesus, — as is now generally conceded, — was doubtless addressed to some particular church which Paul had planted, or in which he had a direct and personal interest.

It was a caution to those, who, having by their Chris-

tian confession forsaken the works of darkness by which they were of necessity still surrounded, to walk worthily of their profession, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of others not yet illuminated with the light of the gospel.

It is therefore now, and must continue to be, while darkness retains any dominion in the spiritual world, an admonition of peculiar significance to any professing Christian congregation. The more to us, denominationally, because of the lack, hitherto at least, of any considerable missionary spirit among us. From causes which it is remote from my present purpose to consider, our religious congregations have become, to a good degree, mere recipients of spiritual influences, — and pretty critical ones at that, — or, at best, mutual improvement societies only. We rather plume ourselves upon the circumstance, — if happily we have life within ourselves, — paying little regard as to whether or not we promote or stimulate the religious life of the community about us.

Instead of a church being a glowing centre, radiating far and wide the light of divine truth and the heat of devotion and spiritual loyalty, it too often rather resembles an enclosure within which the gospel light is carefully contained, as though we were merely the guardians of truth, instead of being its dispensers. This was the natural and legitimate fruit of a false theology which urged upon men, as their primal duty, the salvation of their own souls, — however you may interpret that phrase.

The same narrow policy induced forgetfulness of the

profound truth, that he who selfishly seeks only his own salvation, immediate or remote, endangers, rather than secures, even that; and that genuine salvation proceeds from a disinterested regard for the welfare of others. "He that will lose his life for my sake and the gospel's," declares our Saviour, "shall find it."

We are constantly reminded of our own spiritual needs, and admonished of the duties we owe to ourselves; it may be well to consider occasionally our duties and responsibilities, as a religious organization, to the world, great or small, about us. I propose, therefore, that this shall occupy our attention this afternoon, following out the figure suggested by the text, which was a favorite one with the writers of Scripture, old and new.

The Psalmist often used it; as thus: "The Lord is my light and my salvation;" "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path;" "The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." Isaiah, also, "The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light."

The evangelists and the apostles make frequent use of the same figure. The Saviour addresses his disciples as the "light of the world," and admonishes them to "let their light so shine, that men may see their good works, and glorify their Father in heaven." And Christ is repeatedly designated as the "true light;" and himself declares that whoso followeth him "shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life." And Paul, in our text, cautions some church of his plant-

ing, as has been remarked, to "walk as children of light."

1. What, then, is it to walk as children of light? 2. What is this light? 3. What is darkness?

Material darkness is defined by science as simply the absence of day: blackness, as not a color, but the lack of all color; gloom, as want of brightness; despondency, as lack of cheerfulness; despair, as failure of hope; death, as the losing of life; — all mere negative ills. But, practically, our experience reveals to us that darkness and gloom and despondency and despair and death are very positive and very disagreeable realities. Fancy, for an instant, the consequences of a deprivation of material light. Imagine the glorious sun going down in the west, to rise no more. With its last ray, the pleasant face of nature vanishes from our sight; the color fades out of flower and leaf; the graceful forms of tree and bush and plant are shapeless to our vision; the most captivating landscape becomes a blank; hill and vale, forest, meadow, and stream, melt into one indistinguishable mass of blackness.

At one sweep, too, all the thousand objects of art, which delighted our eyes, instructed, softened, and elevated us, are curtained in impenetrable gloom: their pure and half-divine influence lost for ever. How the industries of the world would be circumscribed and paralyzed! How many arts would become impossible, and, of the possible, how many useless, in a world of darkness!

More — the very foundations of life itself, animal and vegetable, mental and physical, would be sapped. No

form or condition of animated existence but would reveal, in its pallid and nerveless organization, the irreparable nature and extent of its loss. Intellectual health, freshness, and vigor would be as impossible, without the sun and his influences, as physical. Deterioration would be rapid, life would shorten and dwindle, and finally man and all his belongings would perish miserably from off the face of the earth.

But suppose, to soften the rigor of the gloom, the lights which now rule the night be spared; and full scope be allowed man's ingenuity in devising means of artificial illumination, — only the sun, the lord of day, denied! How much is gained? Much, certainly. Art, literature, science, mechanics, and industry are limitedly restored. Most of the external necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life are rendered possible. But nature, with all its inspiration, would remain a sealed book.

Sanitary investigations have revealed a perceptible difference in the mental and physical health of dwellers on the sunny and the shady sides of even the same street. The miserable physical condition of miners, and others — whose employment, not excessively laborious, is such as to deprive them almost entirely of sunlight — is well known. From such data, we can readily believe that human life would rapidly sink to a very low ebb in a world unblessed with sunlight, whatever substitutes might be contrived.

Our sketch needs but one touch more to serve our purpose; and that is, to hint at the gladness and thanksgiving which we may imagine would burst from every human lip after such an experiment as we have sup-

posed, — at the first purpling promise, in the East, of returning light! — light! which, to such beings, would mean life and health and vigor, and every form of joy and well-being.

With this picture in the mind, it is perfectly easy to comprehend how, in the poetic East, the sun, beautiful and beneficent, became the object of homage and worship.

It will be readily understood that this eulogy of light has not been indulged in, or this picture of the fatal infelicities of a sunless existence been drawn, as a mere exercise of the imagination, nor even to subserve the purpose of illustrating the thoughtful goodness of God in material matters. In an infinitely deeper sense, darkness has, and does, overspread the face of the earth: whole nations sitting therein, and men choosing darkness rather than light.

Passing over the historic period of universal spiritual gloom and darkness which shrouded the earth before the birth of Him who was announced as the light of the world, my present concern is with that special shadow which obscures individual souls to-day, in spite of the light shining through the darkness. Doubtless that long spiritual night, which overshadowed the earth till its gloom began to melt before the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, was broken by occasional gleams of the coming morn. There were individual prophet stars of the first magnitude, kindled with the divine light of inspiration, and gleaming through the thick darkness they were unable to dispel. Then there was a certain golden shimmer hanging about the pathway

of God's chosen people, the Hebrews. The various systems of philosophy, radiant with scintillations of truth, shot up from the horizon to the zenith, like the northern aurora in the winter sky; disappearing, however, as sudddenly, and leaving as little trace behind.

Besides these diviner lights, the ante-Christian world was not lacking in invention to supply artificial means of illumination in place of the needed central orb. Doubtless, men were as wise in their own conceit then as now; as ready to be guided or misguided by the fitful flashes of their passions as now, and with far more excuse. A severe trial of the faith it is, that, after nineteen centuries of gospel light, men are industriously exercising the same perverse ingenuity to devise other means of guidance.

What should we say of the man who, to the genial, penetrating, and sufficient light of the sun, preferred the moon's pale, cold rays, or the dim, uncertain twinkling of the stars, or the fitful flashes of the northern lights, or the feeble and limited light of his own invention? What can we say, since Christ has lived, of the man whose highest spiritual illumination is the thin, white light of a cold morality, or the distant and indeterminate ray of mere human example, or the unreliable gleam of a spontaneous and impulsive good-heartedness, or the dangerous and baleful fires of policy, self-interest, or fear? The picture I have drawn of human life, in a world deprived of a material sun, is a faint and feeble type of the actual and inevitable spiritual life of such an one. Yet how many satisfy themselves with the lesser lights, nay, choose them, and practically deny the need

of any other. In a world of light, how many stumble in darkness. Upon how many a heart the Sun of Righteousness has never risen, and true life therein languishes as though no light had ever shone from heaven.

" In vain for thee, hath Christ in Bethlehem been born;
If he's not born in thee, thy heart is still forlorn."

There are three classes of dwellers in darkness: the helpless, the indifferent, and the hostile. Sin is either weakness, blindness, or perversity. Men wander from the narrow path, either through inability to resist the temptations and allurements of sin, or from ignorance of and indifference to the higher delights of an active Christian life; or they designedly and persistently plunge into vice, stubbornly refusing to believe in any diviner light than that of their own depraved appetites and passions.

I had once the memorable delight of seeing a clear sunrise from the summit of Mount Washington, — a delight enhanced by a night climb on foot up the long and steep ascent. After a few hours of rest, but no sleep, our eyes were gladdened by the signs of growing light in the eastern horizon. Quitting the building which had sheltered us, we stationed ourselves outside to await the coming of the sun. His harbingers preceded him long, and the East verily glowed as a furnace. No cloud intercepted the first rays of the golden orb, as at last its disc began to be visible above the horizon; and no tongue can describe the emotions, the speechless delight and admiration, which seized upon us, as, inch by inch, the glittering wonder rose.

After gazing upon it till half-blinded by its brightness, I turned around and looked down into the valley on the other side of the mountain. There twinkled the house-lamps of the early-rising and industrious husbandmen, as though no sun had risen upon the world. Gradually, as the sun advanced, and its beams reached the cottages in the shadow of the mountain, one by one the lesser lights disappeared, and men acknowledged and hailed the new-born day.

The centuries which have elapsed since the Sun of Righteousness arose are but the early hours of the gospel day; only the sojourners on the mountain-tops of expectation have, as yet, bathed in the inspiring light. As the sun mounts higher, its rays will gild, first the valleys of willingness and desire, then illuminate the curtained dwellings of indifference, and finally penetrate even the darkened chambers of enmity and unbelief. Meanwhile, if, happily, our hearts have been illuminated by the early beams, we have a duty to perform, even to "walk as children of light;" having no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather striving to reprove them.

As I have said, the dwellers in darkness are threefold: the weak, the indifferent, and the wilful.

The first, weary of wandering aimlessly to and fro, unsatisfied with their condition of spiritual darkness, conscious of the need, and half convinced of the reality, of a divine light, are looking upward; but — weak in faith, burdened with evil habits, discouraged by frequent stumblings over the obstacles which, more or less thickly, strew every human pathway, torn by the thorns of pas-

sion, lured aside by temptation — they begin almost to despair of guidance, and are ready to deny the existence of the light they so sorely need. Before such, "walk as children of light;" show, by your unwavering fidelity to every right principle, and your unfaltering step in the path of duty, the infallible nature of the light which illuminates and guides you; prove, by your loving compassion, patience, and forbearance, active goodness and cheerful trust, that the inspiring light of God's love really fills your heart, controls your hands, and directs your feet.

Touching the second class (the indifferent), it is to be remarked, that doubtless there are conditions of life, states of mind and heart, when men really feel no particular need of God; when religion is regarded as a sentiment well enough for those who have proclivities thereto, and of value perhaps in failure of other and more palpable possessions. Such men are not necessarily irreligious, — except, in the negative sense, that whosoever is not for me is against me, — they are only indifferent, blind to the whole matter. They are moderately, or, if any one recognizes such a condition, immoderately, prosperous in temporal matters; have escaped most of the ordinary, and all the extraordinary, trials and infelicities of life; have had few losses, few disappointments, few bereavements; or else, not being of very sensitive organization, they have not felt very keenly those that have befallen them: so they do not feel any especial need of religion, as they understand it, at least — in their own cases.

With hearts untouched by the contemplation of God's

goodness, and eyes blinded to the manifold illustrations of his loving-kindness; absorbed in their own material affairs, drawing their good through channels apparently within their own control; guided by what seem to them the unerring lights of a limited experience and an unsanctified reason, they rear their windowless structure of a selfish life, in which is left no opening through which the purifying light of the sun can enter; and, worst of all, they seem, and for the time doubtless are, unconscious of the withering blight to which their lives are subjected. It can hardly be needful, and it is not my present purpose, to indicate the fatal falsity of such a life, or to paint the gloom which must inevitably surround such souls as their feeble and insufficient lights grow dim, or to enlarge upon the methods to be adopted to transform this indifference into active and eager interest. But, as professing "children of light" we have to walk before them, let us see that we walk worthily. True, their self-absorption and indifference are such as to render any careful observation of others little likely; but I speak of the indifference to what really concerns us as religion does, whether admitted or not; and by religion I do not mean that pietistic cant or scrupulous observance of set times and seasons, or ceremonies or phrases, which goes too often by that sacred name; nor, on the other hand, that decent exterior and cold-blooded propriety which "abstains from all evil," indeed, but has never yet learned the rest of the text, "to do well."

I should transcend my limits if I attempted to define precisely what the word religion conveys to my mind.

Suffice it to say, that he who conscientiously and faithfully obeys the golden rule, and keeps the commandments in their full spirit, will speedily find out what "religion" is, and more surely than any language could express. Indifference, I repeat, to what really concerns a man, as religion does, must necessarily be limited. At some hour, when you think not, a ray of divine light may penetrate the inner chamber of such souls, or the gloom of gathering darkness may impel an eager outward look. See that we be found walking as "children of light," that we may be ready at the first intimation of awakening to point to, and bear witness of, the light which lighteth every man.

The third class are those who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil; or, those whose deeds are evil, because they love darkness. A marked distinction; because, of the men who habitually commit acts of sin, as many err through genuine blindness of heart as through perversity. The former are not indeed born blind, but born amid such thick darkness as to weaken and well-nigh destroy their moral vision; so that darkness is more grateful, and in a limited sense more natural, to them, — men who, except so far as they have resisted the light, would seem hardly accountable for their sinful acts.

To walk before such as "children of light," is to let our light shine with full radiance, careful not to discolor its pure rays by any admixture of self-righteousness. Many a dark passage, which the direct rays of the sun fail to penetrate, is illuminated by reflection; many a dark heart gets its first illumination from some

faithful reflector of the light from on high; many a man, who has lived long years untouched by the infinite goodness of God, is melted at last by one unselfish, self-sacrificing act of one of his children.

An open hostility to the light of the gospel, originate however it may, which would, if possible, blot it out for ever, is sustained by a consciousness of how its pure beams would expose the thousand mean and wicked schemes in which an unscrupulous but short-sighted self-indulgence engages. There is, with such, no ignorance of the true light, but often a most jealous, and not unfrequently anxious, scrutiny of the walk of those who profess to be guided by it. Double watchfulness, therefore, becometh the "children of light."

"A Christian," says Bishop Hall, "in all his ways, must have three guides, — Truth, Charity, Wisdom. Truth to go before him, Charity and Wisdom on either hand. If any of the three be absent, he walks amiss." "Be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." In word and conversation, that we be found blameless of any sin through ignorance of the light; in charity, as remembering our weakness and God's grace; in spirit, as testifying to the reality of the new life within; in faith, because only by faith have we courage to work or hope in our labor; and in purity, lest we cause others to offend. Not forgetful that the admonition is, to walk as "children of light." There must be no slothful or self-indulgent inaction. He that doeth righteousness is righteous.

GODLINESS.

1 Tim. vi. 6: "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

The apostle in this letter cautions Timothy, and exhorts him to caution those about him, against worldliness, against an undue love for material wealth, and especially against reliance upon it as a solid foundation for happiness; and he closes with this assurance: "But godliness with contentment is great gain," — is the true and abiding riches. Here, then, is the "philosophy of life" which has so exercised the imagination, and taxed the ingenuity, industry, and learning of men to discover and define, reduced to its simplest equation, and brought within the apprehension of the humblest mind.

The text suggests what our observation and experience reveal or confirm, that there is a kind of "contentment" without a foundation of "godliness;" and also a godliness which is not contented. It further implies, what we ultimately discern, that neither of these is complete and satisfying in itself; and affirms, that in the harmonious union of the two is our true felicity and peace.

Genuine contentment is a state of quiet acquiescence in, and satisfaction with, God's dealings. It is something more positive than mere resignation, and more lasting than delight; so that one may be delighted, or even resigned, without being contented: though perfect content includes within itself the germ at least of every conceivable form of pure enjoyment or happiness.

The very term "content" is at once suggestive of

mental calmness, self-possession, and peace. This state of mind is, however, consistent with almost any extreme of physical condition or of temporal circumstances. Although usually associated in our minds with a sufficiency of worldly possessions, and an absence from earthly infelicities, designated by poets as attendant upon —

> "The good, the golden mean,
> The blest estate that lies between
> The sordid poor and the ignoble great;"

it is, nevertheless, as frequently found amid poverty as when surrounded by riches; more frequently in connection with circumstances of trial and anxiety than where there seems little to disturb and annoy. These facts indicate that the sources of genuine content lie deeper than the external surroundings of the individual; which is simply to say, that one of God's most precious gifts is placed within the reach of every one of his children, not hedged about with conditions impossible to even the weakest, nor left subject to the chances and changes which disturb the current of earthly life. This contentment is not to be confounded with indifference; on the contrary, it is not inconsistent with the liveliest interest in affairs, and the most strenuous efforts for improvement in even temporal matters. Indeed, "contentment," to be "content" to-morrow, must see to it that the conditions of to-morrow's content are fulfilled.

The farmer may be perfectly content, in April, with a field of freshly turned furrows; but he knows that there must be blossoms in June and golden fruit in August to

content him then, and he consequently spares no pains that, so far as he is concerned, these results be secured.

As a real and abiding treasure, contentment is, in its fulness and purity, one of the rarest, as it is one of the most blessed, of human possessions or attainments: as rare as wisdom, more rare than virtue. Run your thoughts over your circle of friends and acquaintance, and count up those who are thoroughly content, according to the obvious signification of the word! How many can you reckon who neither lament the past, repine at the present, nor view the future forebodingly; who, striving with God's help to do their duty day by day, meet, with a serene heart and undisturbed mind, the events large and small, joyous or grievous, which the days bring forth? who —

> "No longer, forward or behind,
> Now look in hope or fear;
> But grateful take the good they find,
> The best of now and here."

Indeed, it seems to me the most comprehensive summary of the happiness of heaven, that it is a condition, not of idleness or stagnant repose, but of unalloyed, unruffled content.

Leaving for a moment the consideration of the elements and source of this priceless possession, let us examine briefly that imitation thereof which I have indicated as resting on other foundations than religious faith and trust.

Men seek content in a thousand ways, ignorant or forgetful that it is something which grows up within, and is not to be put on from without; is consequent not

upon "adding more fuel, but on taking away some fire." Others, with a juster apprehension of the matter, do devise a sort of spurious and limited content from philosophy, so called; that is, a stoical or fatalistic conviction or habit of thought, which accepts whatever comes as that which was to come, presumes it is best, at any rate it is and must be, and hence may as well be acquiesced in and made the best of. Fretting or complaining will not alter the case, and only serve to wear out the complainant. Or this seeming content is engendered by a constitutional habit of regarding one's own possessions, acts, or acquisitions with a self-complacent exaggeration, which so identifies the individual with his surroundings, that for him to complain of the latter would be to reflect upon himself. He is thus restrained from unfavorable comparisons, and finds in pride a salve for the most seemingly infelicitous events and circumstances.

This amiable condition of mind, for it goes no deeper, is hardly compatible with any other than a moderately prosperous and equable condition of things; will hardly stand any serious calamity, still less any continuous succession of adverse circumstances.

The third foundation of content, or of its semblance, and the most deceptive, is limitation of desire, consequent upon a circumscribed experience and a narrow knowledge of the attainable or the possible. A large part of mankind dwell in this state of "content," or rather of torpid uncomplaint. And this fact is one of the strong arguments against education, against discussion, against agitation, intellectual, social, or reli-

gious, and in favor of conservatism. It is the practical creed of many, that "ignorance is bliss." Ever since the declaration of Christ, "I come not to bring peace on earth, but a sword," and ages before, the birth of any new idea into the world, or into a human mind, produces unrest. Shall we therefore shut our eyes to knowledge, and our ears to truth?

Vain the anticipation of purchasing content in that way, and shallow as vain! The incoming flood of God's truth is to prevail, till every valley of iniquity is purified, and every mountain-top of error is covered from sight. And this is the lesson we have to learn: to be content; not to rest undisturbed by the flood, but to rise upon its bosom.

To repeat: philosophy teaches that content, like honesty, is the "best policy;" pride teaches that discontent, like dishonesty, is disreputable; and ignorance preserves from both failings, by lack of opportunity or temptation. It requires but little reflection to satisfy one's self how insecure all these foundations, how insufficient to the exigencies of life these sources and these supplies must be.

The waters of content, to refresh and satisfy the soul, must spring from a living fountain deep in the centre of the being. A meagre apology for this are the stagnant waters of mere uncomplaint, which must be drawn from their reservoir by the main strength of an inexorable philosophy, or forced therefrom by the devices of a shallow self-complacency, or whose scanty supply is only preserved from evaporation by the absence of the light of knowledge and the heat of oppor-

tunity. Before analyzing the pure waters of this living fountain, let us look for a moment at that "godliness" which is not "contented."

This strong Saxon term, "godliness" — (Godlikeness), so much more emphatic and expressive, positive and uncompromising, than the corresponding Latin phrase, "piety," — seems inconsistent with any failure in one of the chiefest blessings of a religious life. And in its fulness, doubtless, it is so. But, unhappily, there is a godliness of the letter which has not the spirit; there is a sincerity of intention, an honesty of belief, a mechanical correctness in habits and life, wanting in spontaneity, in heartiness, in vital faith and trust, without that intimate, personal relation to God, which is strength to the feeblest; to the most illiterate, wisdom; revealing that for which sages and philosophers sighed in vain.

However we may define this spiritual disloyalty, or account for it, it is lamentably prevalent, and the cause of religion suffers less from the assaults of its opponents than from the faithlessness or feeble faith of its professed adherents. In fact, the occasional open and flagrant sins into which professing Christians are sometimes betrayed by sudden temptation, or by a course of self-indulgence, are less damaging to the cause of religion than is the failure to bear with equanimity the petty trials and annoyances of life, to endure loss and disappointment uncomplainingly, to meet affliction and disaster without dismay, to impart consolation and hope, to inspire courage and trust in these who claim to be disciples of the great Counsellor, and to be

specially upheld by the everlasting arms. In a word, a querulous, fretful, timid, complaining, doubting Christian is an anomaly at which angels weep, men scoff, and devils rejoice.

From these considerations it seems apparent that but one conclusion can be educed; namely, that godliness, without content, is a cheat; and content, without godliness, a delusion. Godliness is the mainspring of life's mechanism; content, the balance-wheel; and there can be no regular movement or honest time-keeping without both. Godliness is radical; content, conservative; that, the motive power; this, the regulating brake; that does, and does hopefully; this bears, and bears cheerfully. And the result! Saw you ever a man or woman who, under severe experiences, had learned the lesson which comes not by nature, but by grace: in obedience to no device of man, but through obedience to God's commands, in whatsoever state they were, therewith to be content?

I can recall the memory of one who labored for years in comparative obscurity at God's altar, in whom a strong will was made subservient, by a stronger religious trust and confidence, to the will of the Father; with strong passions, restrained and bound to the car of duty; with eyes able to penetrate the deepest recesses of azure truth, content at God's command to limit their eager vision to the narrow boundaries of an humble lot; with lips touched with holy fire, aflame with eloquent thought, restrained by manifest need to the common language of the market and the street, or willingly devoting themselves to uttering words of simple kind-

ness and consolation; with hands worthy of a sceptre, rejoicing to give a cup of cold water to one of the little ones, or uncomplainingly performing the homeliest tasks; with feet fitted and fitting to walk the verdant slopes of pure and ennobling delight, or to climb exultingly the loftiest heights of knowledge, or to tread with grace the most sumptuous abode of refined and pleasurable ease, toiling, without repining, along the dusty highway of a common lot, or through the tortuous and thorny by-ways of special infelicities and hardships; with a heart, whose affections were tender as infancy and strong as death, torn and lacerated by disappointment, sorrow, and bereavement, yet uncomplaining, calm, content, — even triumphant. Or, harder yet, as the world counts hardness, — I can recall one, in whom the virgin soil of a young life, vital with fertility, instinct with the germinating seeds of usefulness and beauty, was suddenly deprived of sun and shower, and she compelled, in the hopeless shadow and drought of a sick-room, to see her plants of promise wither and fade; doomed to bear the heavy burden of a life of forced inaction, to which the sorest toil would be delight; and yet, in the darkness, pouring forth such cheerful songs of praise and hope and trust, as filled the ears and hearts of the marvelling workers without, as with music from heaven. Helpless, almost speechless, struggling with pain and battling for breath, yet preaching God's gospel with a power at once disarming, convicting, inspiring, saving!

And then there are simple souls whose whole store of wisdom but amounts to this, — a knowledge of their

own ignorance; whose sensibilities are but just keen enough to realize the slights and frowns of their fellows; with just moral force sufficient to open the windows of their obscurity to the incoming rays of God's infinite love; and just language enough to utter thanks for its light and heat; and strength enough to obey the plain commands of their acknowledged Father. And from such humble lives, trodden under foot of men, may arise a fragrance which fills the air, and ascends, a sweet savor, to heaven.

These are living illustrations of the possibilities of content, inspired by godliness. Is not this the "pearl of great price," which we may well sell all we have of luxury or distinction or power or learning or health, if needful, to possess? Do you ask where it is to be found or how gained? It comes through no device of man's ingenuity, nor by any happening. Wisdom, not more than affliction, cometh forth from the dust, neither doth content, more than trouble, spring out of the ground. It cometh down from above, from Him who is the source and fountain of all good; and only as we grow into his likeness can we hope to possess and enjoy it. Content, then, is a growth, consequent upon a growing godliness or Godlikeness. First pure, then peaceable. To this the first essential is love; we imitate only what we affect, and where we love we trust, especially when all we feel and know, or can know, conspires to convince us that we may do so without the faintest shadow of reserve. Then follows obedience, with uncertain step, it may be, halting sometimes and slow;

but, with love to inspire, and faith to guide, faithfulness must be the result. Then, patience, —

> "Patience, that with a cheerful smile can bear
> A load that crushes weak complaint to earth;
> Patience, that eats the ripened ears, while Haste
> Battens upon the green."

"God is patient, because he is eternal." And are not we, too, immortal? And suppose our cherished hopes and plans are not realized this side the gulf; and instead of a possible handful of comforts or honors or successes, which we must drop at its brink, we bear across it, as we may, ripened capacities, which, in the green fields beyond, shall work out for us infinite delights, may we not endure present hardness or neglect or disappointment patiently?

Industrious. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," — doing with the might what is given us to do; comprehending that it is not the nature, but the quality, of the work for which we are responsible; assured and confident that "faithfulness over a few things," if it insures us not "rule of many things," will assuredly secure for us the "joy of our Lord."

Faithful seeking of the good. "He who goes into the garden looking for weeds and worms, will doubtless find plenty of them; but he who goes for flowers, shall return with one blooming in his bosom." In this world there is no unmixed evil but sin. There is no darkness of circumstances so dense, but willing eyes may, through it, see God's face. About the decaying trunk of every

dead hope, there twines some vine of compensation. The woods and fields of obscurity abound with natural fruit, often of sweeter flavor than ripens in the luxurious gardens of prominence and power.

The avalanches of disaster and sickness, which lay waste the green fields of our prosperity and anticipation, uncover hidden mines of resource and affection of inestimable value to those whose eyes dwell, not upon the loss, but that seek the compensation. The pillar of cloud, which in the bright daylight of success and fortune obscures the sun, is changed, when the night of disappointment and gloom sets in, to a pillar of fire to illumine the darkness and guide the trusting soul. There are no chance happenings. The profoundest riddles of life are in the Father's hand, and what we know not now we shall know hereafter. Only believe: love him trustingly, labor patiently, and seek always the compensating real good, arrest every seeming ill, and thou shalt grow into a knowledge and likeness of God, unto a perfect manhood, even unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ our head: and attain, even in this present life, the serene and everlasting heights of peace and goodly comfort.

A SERMON

PREACHED TO THE "DRAFTED MEN" AT GALLOP'S ISLAND.

ISAIAH xlv.: "I have called thee by thy name; I have surnamed thee. I am the Lord, and there is none else; there is no God beside me. I girded thee, though thou hast not known me."

1. GOD; 2. GOD CALLING; 3. GOD CALLING THEE; 4. GOD CALLING AND GIRDING *thee, though thou hast not known him.*

GOD.—Under this name or some other, as Nature, Providence, Deity, First Cause, Destiny, Fate, or some other designation, the great majority of mankind acknowledge some controlling force in the universe which created and sustains every thing; and the idea they entertain of the characteristics of this Being or Power regulates their morality or immorality of life, their practical religion or irreligion of character. Literally, it is nearly true, that as a man thinketh about God, so is he. If to you he seem a cold, vague, distant, arbitrary being, whose vast designs are so vast that poor frail man, on this little planet, is but as a mote in the sun, you will be apt to live, as in truth you would be, without a God in the world, following the baneful dictates of your own wayward appetites and evil passions.

If, on the other hand, God appears to you as he is presented in his written word, in the outspread book of nature, in the harmonious wonder of our physical frames, "fearfully and wonderfully made," in the greater marvel of our mental faculties, and the deeper mystery of our affections,—in every thing above, below, within, or

about us,—as a God not more infinite in power than in goodness and love; as a God near by, and not only afar off; as the God of to-day as well as the God of creation; as our God, and as our Father, no less than our God: a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering Father, more ready and eager to give good gifts than earthly parents are to give to their children. If God is thus to you in truth and reality, then must follow purity of life as an inevitable consequence; or, if there be sin proceeding from the weakness of the flesh or excess of temptation, it is sure to be followed by the bitterness of regret and the new resolves of sorrowing repentance.

And the converse of this is equally true. Just in proportion as a man's life and conversation are pure and upright, and manly and noble, will his understanding of, and relation to, God be what I have last described; and upon the difference, the present and everlasting difference, it makes to you and to all men which of these views is yours, I need not dwell.

God calling. — God is always calling his children, whom we are; has always been calling them since the first erring child strayed from the narrow and only safe pathway of his service. He calls in an infinite variety of ways; he calls by the teachings of his prophets, apostles, and ministers; he called by the life and death of his only begotten Son; he calls by the examples of the myriads of martyrs who have suffered and died for the cause of right and righteousness; he calls by prosperity and happiness, which prove his love and affection; he calls by loss and disappointment, which demonstrate that not on earth should our treasure be laid up; he

calls by affliction and bereavement, that our softened hearts may the more readily receive the divine influence of his all-compensating spirit; he calls us through that mysterious monitor in the breast, conscience. Our memories, our anticipations, our hopes, our fears, are all tones of his voice. The little child, who, for the first time, witnesses a summer shower, hears in the fearful roll of the thunder the voice of God; and those whose ears are attuned aright, hear his voice in every breeze.

GOD CALLING THEE. — With the particular calls of God, history, both sacred and secular, abounds. Abraham, called of God to be the father of many nations. Joseph, as unmistakably called, though the path lay through present shame and suffering and sorrow, to be the preserver of his father and all his house. Moses, called against his will to be the deliverer of his nation from bondage. Samuel, early called to be a servant of the Lord. The Apostles, called from their daily tasks to be, first, followers of Christ, and then proclaimers to the world of the glad tidings of God's Fatherhood; called, mind you, not to earthly honor or power or ease, but to ignominy and stripes, and imprisonment and death. Paul, called though he knew not God, and because he knew him not, to preach the gospel to the Gentiles. Luther, called to inaugurate a sorely needed reform in the religious service of the world. Wesley, called, a second John Baptist, to cry unto all men to repent. Channing, called to open men's eyes and hearts to the incomparable beauty of holiness. Washington, called to deliver his country from the oppressor, and to found an asylum for half-strangled freedom.

You, you, called of God no less to stand by and defend that heritage. Called of God, though you know him not; called to hardship and privation and toil, perhaps to wounds and death, — but called of God. Can you hesitate or falter? Stand, I beseech you, in your lot, humble though it be, obscure, unseen of men; "acquit yourselves like men," be vigilant, be strong; and verily the God of Abraham and of Joseph and Moses, and Jesus and Paul, and Luther and Wesley, and Channing and Washington, the God of your own fathers and mothers, of your sisters and wives and little ones, left behind you in tears, but for whom he will care more tenderly than you could: even the infinite and everlasting Father shall be your God; shall go with you, and abide with you, in whatever strait you may fall, — in the camp, in the field, in the fore-front of the battle, and in the discouraging weariness of the hospital; in life and in death; and after death he will not forsake you.

Only believe that He is, and live as that belief prompts.

"And now, may the God of all grace, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, establish, strengthen, save you. Amen."

THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

HIS LAST SERMON.

DELIVERED AT CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 22, 1868.

MARK X. 14: "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

IF to fear God and keep his commandments be the whole duty of man, as who can doubt, then to learn of God, and what his commands are, — to attain to this loving fear of him, and to acquire the disposition and power to keep those commands, — is clearly the whole business of man here below. In a word, education; that is, the development, informing, and disciplining of our faculties, physical, mental, and spiritual, is the whole purpose of this life; — not pleasure, not comfort, not happiness, not distinction, not even goodness, save only as these are consequent upon a perfect education of our whole nature. And, happily, from that "perfect education" these and all other blessings proceed. They have their roots in it, and any semblance of them not so rooted is a delusion and a snare. It is not, however, my purpose to dwell upon this general subject of life as a school, but to ask your attention to that division of it indicated by my text; namely, the religious education of the young, and our duty as a Christian congregation in this matter.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me." The scene these words recall is familiar to all of you. Little

children are brought by hopeful, believing parents to the great Teacher, that he might bless them; that they might get from this memorable interview with one so holy and so remarkable an impression which should exert, perhaps, a life-long influence. The unspiritual disciples, who as yet had no adequate idea of the nature of the Master's work, or of the heavenly kingdom he came to reveal and establish, rebuked them for thus absorbing the time and attention of the Teacher by a useless ceremony. What good will it do? they ask. These are too young to understand his teachings or become his disciples. But Jesus, when he saw it, was displeased, and said, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me." This suggests two special points for consideration. 1. The peculiar advantages of youth as a season for religious education; and, 2. Our criminality, if we hinder the approach of our little ones to the Saviour; that is, to an acquaintance with their relations with God and their duties towards him; which acquaintance is most surely attained through the life and teachings of his best beloved Son.

There are two diametrically opposite theories with reference to the religious education of the young: one of which we hold to be false, the other true.

The false theory is based upon the assumed innate depravity of human nature, whence it proceeds to the conclusion that there can be no salvation from the second death but by a new birth. It argues, therefore, that regeneration is as needful for the young as for the old. But as such regeneration is manifestly impossible till children arrive at an age to be convinced, if not

convicted, of sin, the logical inference is that no particular benefit can result from religious instruction until that possible turning-point of life is reached; except, perhaps, the prevention of their growing any worse than they were born, — if there be any "lower depth" than "total depravity."

The other, and as we conceive true, theory, assumes that the spiritual faculties are to be trained and educated from the cradle, as the physical and mental faculties are; — that as children grow in wisdom and stature, they may grow in favor with God and man; and never need to be reconciled, as it is called, to God.

There is, to be sure, a third theory, that of the Romish Church, which claims that the rite or sacrament of baptism cleanses from all original sin. This rite is, therefore, administered by that church as soon as possible after the child's birth; and the recipient is thenceforth responsible only for his own moral delinquencies. These are not supposed to begin till the age of seven, at which age, consequently, confession is enjoined.

Now while we profess to adopt the second of these theories, which I have denominated the true one, we practically embrace that first named, or at least accept the inference following from it. Nothing is more common in our churches than for both pulpit and pews to assert, virtually, that the whole business of systematic religious education of the young, particularly in the Sunday school, is a pious delusion. Very good and wise men turn a cold shoulder to the whole system, as a waste of time and money; and that they do so, is very largely the reason of its indifferent success in most

cases. And yet these very people are the most strenuous in their advocacy of all forms of intellectual culture, and are the stanchest friends of universal secular education. They feel strong in their opposition or indifference to the Sunday school, from the admitted fact that there has been much vagueness in its methods, and much immature action and many extravagant claims on the part of its friends.

But no system is to be judged by its failures alone, or by the defects of its advocates. We all admit the value to the young of a good social, or educational, or business "start" in life. We all strive to secure one or all of these for our children as far as possible. By the accumulation of property, by the extension of our acquaintance, which is the accumulation of social influence, by multiplying means of acquiring knowledge, we labor to enable our children to start in life from a better vantage ground than we enjoyed. And this is our manifest duty towards them and towards the world. He is a public benefactor who helps one person to begin life better equipped for its duties and labors than he otherwise could. But the importance of a sound religious start in life is incomparably greater; not only because its influence is eternal, but because it affects every other possession and every condition. If one of us lose a limb or a sense, lose a hand, for example, or a foot, or the sense of taste, or smell, or sight, we lose a certain amount of comfort or helpfulness. Our possible usefulness or enjoyment is circumscribed by so much. All the rest of the body may be sound, and all the other senses acute, — indeed, in such cases, they are usually

more acute, as if to compensate in some degree for the special deprivation. But if the blood become impure from any cause, it vitiates the whole system: no limb performs its office effectively; no sense answers its end fully, — the whole head is faint, the whole heart sick.

All God's minor blessings, — wealth, position, learning, influence, fame, — for which we so eagerly strive, and which we so crave for our children, are as the limbs and senses of the human organism: good, indeed, but of limited value; and no one of them indispensable. Religion is the life-blood, permeating, influencing, controlling, all. Let your children start in life with every earthly advantage, — health, riches, intelligence, position, refinement, — and if they lack loyalty to God, and all that idea involves, all these advantages will but render their essential failure in life the more disastrous.

If the question be asked, how secure this loyalty, and thus secure an impetus in the heavenward direction, we answer, that, beyond a doubt, parental influence in the form of daily example and admonition is the most potent stimulus; and for the utter want of this nothing can fully compensate. So nothing can fully compensate in those departments of education for the want of an intelligent, cultivated, æsthetic home atmosphere. But it is a law of our earthly condition, that, while our education in general is always advancing under the influence of surrounding circumstances, all particular education must be a matter of set times and seasons. We recognize the necessity of set times and seasons in the

department of secular education, as is amply proven by our carefully elaborated school system. But religious education or training is either made a matter of chance, or of spasmodic effort, or, in equal violation of the law of set times and seasons, it is made a matter of such perpetual surveillance as to result even more disastrously than under the first system of neglect. We have all of us seen, some of us perhaps experienced, some of the effects of that system which formerly obtained in so many New-England homes, — a system of the most rigid discipline and repression, of uncompromising and unremitting exaction in all moral and religious observances, those of form no less than those of fact: a system which attempted to feed the soul by starving all the rest of the nature, including the affections. Doubtless, the present too common disregard for the religious education of the young is, in some measure, the natural reaction or protest against this mistaken system. Both are wrong. Under the first, a disgust is too often engendered, which, when the home pressure is off, asserts itself in absolute hostility to divine things. In the latter, for want of seasonable enlightenment and education of the spiritual faculties, sinful habits often get such dominion over the whole nature that no subsequent efforts avail to change the course and purify the life.

Again, that we recognize the value of times and seasons in the religious education of the mature is shown by our church organizations; and every argument which applies to the support of social worship for the mature, or for the secular training of the young, applies with equal force to the support of a system of

associate religious instruction and training for the young, such as the Sunday school aims to realize. That the Sunday school is, practically, not all it should be, is very likely. Few human institutions are. The question we are to ask ourselves is, Have we done all in our power to make it all it might be? For its theory is sound, and it is capable of accomplishing an amount of good not otherwise possible. Nay, that it is accomplishing inestimable good whenever and wherever properly supported; that it has not proper support, moral or material, — gives point to our second consideration; that is, our criminality, if we hinder the approach of our children to the Great Teacher. Doubtless, it will be contended that no disposition exists to hinder our children from acquiring a knowledge of their religious needs and obligations. To this we reply, that an indisposition to help them is a hindrance, and a failure to provide amply for their advance is another form of retarding them; and these two sins lie at too many doors. When the best minds in the community turn their powers into the channel of the Sunday-school influence, as they may well do, and the best appliances for religious instruction are as eagerly sought and adopted as corresponding ones are for secular education, we may then expect to see the Sunday school take its proper rank, and accomplish its full mission.

Among the "Christian Morals" of good and quaint old Sir Thomas Browne occurs the following admonition: "Persons lightly dipped, not grained, in generous honesty, are but pale in goodness and faint-hued in integrity. . . . That vice may be uneasy and even mon-

strous to thee, let repeated good acts and long-confirmed habits make virtue almost natural, or a second nature to you."

While religious training — that is, the sedulous culture and ingraining of good habits — cannot be too strongly urged, it must not be forgotten that these habits form but the way of life. The motive power by which progress is made in that way, and the magnet which renders wandering from it impossible, is knowledge of God, and love and reverence towards him. This is the spirit of the Scriptures everywhere. "Fear God, and keep his commandments;" "Acquaint thyself now with him, and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee;" "Grace and peace be multiplied unto you, through the knowledge of God;" "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the holy is understanding;" "The entrance of thy word giveth light," and so on.

For the acquisition of this divine wisdom, the implanting and cultivating of loyalty to God and goodness, this rooting and ingraining of fixed religious principles, youth is pre-eminently the season, and the Sunday school the place. And if we have any affection for our children, and interest in the future welfare of the community and our country, any faith in the religion we profess, any desire for the advancement of the kingdom of heaven throughout the world, any hope of immortality, and any true realization of our responsibility as parents, as citizens, as human beings, as children of God, we shall, in all proper times and places, and by every means in our power, strengthen the hands and

encourage the hearts of those engaged in the work of instructing and confirming the young in the knowledge of the Most High.

It is to be supposed that every sincerely and vitally religious society, impelled by the instinct of self-preservation, if no higher motive were active, will take measures to provide amply for the Christian nurture of its own children.

But there is much needful for this purpose, which the individual parishes and Sunday schools cannot supply, — singing, service, and text-books; record books for superintendents, teachers, and librarians; maps, cards, &c. Then, while we have a denominational literature for the mature, of which we might well be proud, if it were not more becoming to be thankful, we are deplorably deficient in books for the young, worthy of such association. Our "Gazette," which is growing more and more in favor, with increasing thousands of readers, is almost the only distinctively denominational publication for the young we can claim. In all this department of service, a central organization, like the existing Sunday-school Society, is indispensable. There are other departments in which such a society can render valuable service: by sending to the various schools, when agreeable to them to receive him, some representative, whose voice, being that of a stranger, will perhaps be listened to by the children to their possible profit; and whose coming, being something out of the regular course, will impart new interest to the school. This is especially true, when such messenger visits a small or isolated school, of necessarily limited resources, and cut off

from much sympathy or communion with the body to which it belongs.

It is helpful and encouraging for such schools to be recognized, and to feel that they are not alone in the world; but that somebody engaged in the same work has an interest in them, and that they count one — albeit but a small one — in the sum total of spiritual forces. If we are ever to become a power in the world, as a religious body, we must sink our individualities in some degree, and draw together. Children are ready enough to fraternize. Let us see to it that they grow up more united in purpose, and knit together in sympathy, than we have been.

We have desperate need of more missionary spirit among us. Childhood is the time to cultivate this. The missionary work which the Sunday-school Society undertakes, and would do if it had the means, is of a sort which appeals at once to the children, and engages their sympathies. Often a Sunday school can be commenced and maintained where it would be impracticable to maintain public worship. Such a school is a germ out of which a church will ultimately grow. In many new communities, where "liberal" preaching has been undertaken, the burden of its support is so heavy that the Sunday school fares poorly for books and other apparatus. In such cases, a little timely aid in the form of a donation of library or text books, or cards, may be its salvation; and is, at any rate, of unquestionable value. This is the sort of work which the Sunday-school Society can do, and is doing to the extent of its ability. Donations of the "Gazette" also have been very ac-

ceptable; particularly at the Reform Schools of the North, and to the Freedmen's Aid and Soldiers' Memorial Schools at the South.

The "Gazette" is supplied to our own schools, as is the case with all papers for children, at considerably less than the cost of manufacture. This entails a considerable burden upon the society. For these reasons, and other minor ones which might be named, the Society appeals to the churches for a generous and regular support. It is not an extravagant, but a carefully considered, statement, that ten thousand dollars annually, and a given amount of conscientious work, bestowed in the direction in which this society is laboring for the right religious training of the young, would do more in ten years for the promotion of "Liberal" Christianity, would give us stronger and warmer, and more religious, parishes ten years hence, than five times that amount of money and labor bestowed in any other way. It is in this faith that I commend the Sunday-school Society to this Christian parish, as pre-eminently worthy its cordial support and generous donations. The time has fully come when our denominational interest and Christian duty alike proclaim the necessity of our assuming a more aggressive attitude, — aggressive, not so much against the various forms of theological error, as against all forms of unbelief or disbelief, of doubt and denial, and especially of indifference and sin. Clearly, it is the part of wisdom to forestall unbelief and denial and indifference, by filling the minds and hearts of the young with examples of the nobleness of uprightness, the beauty of holiness, the security, peace, and abound-

ing joy and happiness of lives inspired by religious principle. In this way, and in this way only, is the Church of the future to be worthy the Christian name. And we may well give of our time and influence and money to organizations which thus strive to advance the Lord's Kingdom, and the doing of his will in this world.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

ADDRESS

To the Norfolk County Sunday-school Convention, at Harrison Square, Dorchester, June 21, 1867.

Ps. xc.–cxliv. : "Show thy servants thy work."

. . . . . .

"That our sons may grow up as the young plants; and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple."

This I understand to be our attitude to-day. We come together with a common interest. The religious education of the young in the Sunday school is a work, which, engaging a share of our time and effort at home, may well engross all our thought and attention during these few hours of our Annual Conference. We meet, not as those hostile to the work, and needing conversion, nor as those in doubt, and requiring to be convinced, nor even as those indifferent, and demanding awakening and stimulation.

Engaged, each of us, with more or less of zeal and constancy in the duty of instructing the young in the knowledge of God, we may be supposed to be satisfied in our own minds of the importance of this knowledge, and desirous to extend it. Surely our honest prayer, simple but comprehensive, must be, "Show thy servants thy work." Every sincere prayer is the natural and necessary outgrowth or expression of the soul's desire. The exact work to be undertaken in any given case, or

the methods, can only be determined when we are agreed as to the precise results we wish to attain. What to do, and how to do it, are questions not generally difficult of answer by earnest and thoughtful persons, when they have clearly settled on the end to be accomplished.

Now, as Sunday-school teachers, our ideas have not hitherto, I apprehend, been quite so clear on this essential point as they might have been, and must be, to insure the highest success in our undertaking. There has been a wide diversity of opinion as to the scope and purpose of the Sunday school. Where systematic religious, or more especially biblical, instruction should be imparted precisely as at the week-day school, secular instruction is imparted. To others, it is rather the children's church, — a place for simple worship, conducted in a manner adapted to the youthful apprehension, appealing to the young mind and heart, and calculated to awaken feelings of reverence and devotion. Others esteem the institution chiefly as a valuable medium for producing religious impressions, and rather incline to consider its usefulness limited to the implanting, in a somewhat desultory manner, of good thoughts and sentiments. To others again, its value consists in the opportunity it affords of making a company of children happy, for an hour a week, by interesting or amusing them in some innocent, and possibly helpful, manner.

With theories of the institution so various and diverse, it is not wonderful that the Sunday school has failed to become that Christianizing power of which it would seem to possess all the elements.

If a company of artisans undertook the construction of an edifice, not only without any architectural plan, but without agreement as to whether it should be a church or a warehouse or a school-building or a home, or, if combining these features, in what proportions; while they might erect a structure which would keep out the weather, and be of some service to its occupants, it would be hardly likely to meet any of their wants fully or satisfactorily. To follow out the figure, as a well-arranged home, calculated to promote the greatest comfort, the purest happiness, the wisest development, and the general elevation and perfecting of its inmates, would be, not all library or parlor or dining-room or chamber or chapel, but such a union of these, with such a fit harmony in all its several parts, as should insure the result indicated, — so a Sunday school must be, not merely a school or a church or a lecture-room or a place of entertainment or good-fellowship, but may combine all these elements, and will combine them in just proportions, if we are settled and agreed as to what our real duty is with reference to the children committed to our charge. In the hope of contributing to this right understanding, I have chosen the words of the Psalmist, not less for the truthfulness, than for the beauty, of the analogy which they suggest. "That our sons may grow up as the young plants," or as in the common version, "As plants grown up in their youth."

Whoever has watched the growth of a healthy and vigorous young plant, from its first breaking through the soil to its maturity; observed the gradual unfolding of its peculiar characteristics, distinguishing it not only

from every other genus of plants, but from every other member of the same species; remarked its due appropriation of heat and moisture, its quick response to the special care of the gardener, and how through all its changes it steadily advances towards fruit-bearing, which is the culmination of its existence, and towards which every day's growth has tended, — a prayer, as it struggles up through the dark earth into the light; a psalm of praise, as it arrays itself in its green robes, or its garment of blossoms; a sermon of faith and trust and courage, as it steadily progresses through rain and storm and drought; and a benediction, as it finally stretches out its arms laden with ripened fruit, — will see the beauty of the simile, and pray God that our sons may grow up as the young plants, and that we may have grace and wisdom given us to do our full duty as spiritual husbandmen.

"As young plants." Not as the product of chance-dropped seeds, still less as thorns or useless weeds, however luxuriant their growth. Scientific agriculture, in its present stage of development, distinguishes sharply between the vegetation of the garden and that of the field or road-side.

Though many of our sweetest garden flowers were, not many years ago, esteemed as little better than weeds; and some of our most useful vegetables were regarded as unfit for human food, a wider knowledge and better methods are constantly transforming, or re-forming, the apparently useless in nature to the profitable, or the delightful, which is but another form of profit. And it may be that in the "New Earth," promised

along with the "New Heavens," the secret of every springing thing will be discovered, and use and beauty mark the whole landscape. However this may be, certain it is that there are no mere or necessary weeds in the garden of the world. Nothing in human form, at least in its tender years, is throughout "common or unclean," however somebody's or everybody's neglect may have stunted or perverted its natural growth and perfection. So we may, and should, pray and work, that not alone our sons, but every son of man, may grow up as young plants in the garden of the Lord.

And now, how do the young plants grow up? What does the best agriculture do for them? It simply strives, by the application of the right means and by guarding them from hurtful influences, to develop to the utmost healthful extent the innate good qualities of the plant; to insure from it the largest crop of the best fruit after its kind. It does not expect or seek to change its nature, or to superadd something to its natural qualities. If it be a tomato plant, the effort is to produce from it the finest possible tomatoes, and the most of them; if a flowering shrub, it entertains no anticipations of pears or apples or peaches from it, — its beauty is its fruit; if a sturdy and vigorous pear-tree, there is no fault found because it does not, under the skilful hand of the gardener, assume the graceful sweep, and afford the grateful shade of the spreading elm, which are its legitimate fruit.

So, in spiritual agriculture, religion is not to change the child's nature, nor to add something thereto, like a sixth sense; but to assist its healthful development,

and to repair, it may be, the ravages induced by ancestral neglect or unfaithfulness.

In other words, the boy is not to be brought up to be studious or industrious or cheerful or obedient *and* "religious"; but to become religiously studious, religiously industrious, religiously cheerful, religiously obedient. Nor are his passions to be melted out of him by the heat of Christianity, and his character reduced to a dead level, though it be a golden one. Still less are they to be left untouched, and religion introduced as a new and distinct element or accomplishment for seventh day, or for morning and evening, exercise. But religion is to mould and fashion, to moderate or stimulate, as the needs are: here, to be a restraining power; there, an inspiring force, — sanctifying the passions, as well as the rest of God's gifts, and converting their very vehemence to a power for good. Could our children come under the influence of this training, persistently and faithfully carried on for ten years, the next generation of men would present fewer enterprising merchants, skilful mechanics, industrious farmers, who are also Christians "in the intervals of business;" but instead thereof, more enterprising Christian merchants, skilful Christian mechanics, industrious Christian farmers; recognizing God and conscience and religious duty all the time and everywhere, in all transactions and under all circumstances.

"That our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple."

There is, of course, no such radical difference in the spiritual constitution or the religious needs and capa-

bilities of the sexes as to demand for them an entirely distinct method of training; yet there is a force and beauty in this Oriental simile which may enable us more clearly to see "our work," as religious educators. Among Eastern nations, while the sons were looked upon as the support and dependence of the family, and esteemed for their vigor and enterprise, the daughters were cherished for their grace and beauty of person, and regarded as the medium for promoting harmony and union in the family, and of extending and conforming its influence by marriage. By daughters, therefore, were families united in themselves, and connected together to their mutual strength and advantage, as the parts of a building are bound together by its corner-stones or pillars. Hence the comparison, "Polished, after the similitude of a palace or temple," heightens the figure by the hint of special grace and dignity. Whether the modern style of building, in which the frame is reduced to a minimum, — the corners of which it would be a misnomer to designate as "posts" or "pillars," and which are seemingly kept in place by the exterior sheathing only, — be typical of our diminished estimate of the daughter as an element of strength in the family, I do not undertake to pronounce.

This at least is clear, that such diminished and unworthy estimate largely obtains, and is widely accepted, and our work in this direction is by no means of minor importance. It is impossible to overestimate the influence of an intelligent and cultivated Christian woman in the various relations of daughter and sister, wife, mother, teacher, friend, member of the church, the com-

munity, and society. One girl so rooted and grounded in religious principles, so fashioned and adorned with Christian graces, as to become such an influence, sent out every year from any Sunday school, would be abundant reason for sustaining it generously, and ample reward for the utmost labor involved.

This is our work! That our sons may grow up as the young plants, and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple. How shall we accomplish it?

I have not now the time, had I the ability or were it practicable, to indicate specifically the methods by which we should undertake it.

But of this we may be sure, that no formal reading of Scripture selections or prayers, no mere technical instruction, no irrelevant conversation, however entertaining, nor reading of stories, however interesting, nor any perfunctory performance of duties, will produce the result aimed at. Our duty is made up indeed of details, homely, simple, prosaic; taken singly, as little promising or inspiring as the individual strings of a harp. It is the spirit which sweeps the chords, that draws out the melody! The spirit of devotion, of prayer, of set purpose, of self-sacrifice, of affectionate interest, of conscious responsibility.

With this spirit, actively operative, there will be little delay in carrying forward the work for want of methods. Every worker will be in a certain measure a law unto himself, with God over all to instruct and guide.

It will appear from this, what we may have long since discovered, that our first and most serious work is in

our own hearts, — a work of inspiration that shall lead us to devote and consecrate a share of our powers to this duty of fitting the young to live worthily in the world. To the advancement of this work, these hours of our Annual Conference may be made largely to minister. The very contact with fellow-laborers is helpful and encouraging. Earnest words, taken into receptive hearts, will stimulate and strengthen. The very turning of our minds and thoughts for a season in this direction opens for us a way through doubts and difficulties, as by a steadfast gaze the eye penetrates depths entirely unseen at the first glance.

Thus, by every help and all helps, may we be enabled to see our work. And, doing it faithfully, "Our sons may grow up as the young plants; and our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple."

[*From the "Christian Register,"* 1860.]

"But one thing thou lackest."

WHAT is the Christian Church doing to advance what it claims as its special mission, — the spiritual regeneration and salvation from sin of the race? The question is of vital importance, and is seriously put. What is the organized Church doing? Not this or that society, or sect even; but the body of Christian believers. In reply, the Bible Society presents its statistics of so many thousands of Bibles, in so many languages, distributed gratuitously, or at small cost, throughout the world.

The Tract Society reports so many millions of pages of tracts more or less vital which have been scattered as the dew over all lands, some of which, it trusts, have fallen on good soil. The various other religious publishing societies tell their tale of printed thoughts disbursed. The missionary organizations count up the tens of thousands of dollars spent, the thousands of devoted laborers employed, the hundreds of fields occupied, the tens of communing heathen, and the units of Christianized idolaters. The Peace, Anti-slavery, and various other reformatory, associations rehearse the miles travelled, speeches made, thousands addressed, opposition excited, hostility confirmed, and plans proposed. The Benevolent Fraternities and Home Missions point to their scores of overflowing chapels, hard-working pastors, liberal benefactions, and encouraging results. And, finally, individual societies, as members of the one body, point to their hundred-thousand-dollar temples, their unequalled organs, their trained choirs, and eloquent advocates; and this is about all. And this is well, so far as it goes.

But let us see how far it does go; or, rather, let us see how far it does not go.

Nobody probably will deny the immense superiority of the spoken, over the written, word, as a means of reform from evil and stimulation to good in the immense majority of cases. Ten minutes' earnest talk from a clear-headed, sincere Christian man will be more practically effective than a ten-page essay, though penned by an archangel. There is a personal magnetism communicated through the medium of the voice and look

which few can put on paper. Hence one reason for the limited influence of tracts and good books.

The Church, feeling this, builds free chapels and supports a free ministry for the poor. It then complacently erects fine edifices for itself, surrounds itself with various forms and degrees of ecclesiastical luxury, and there, with greater or less individual profit, spends its seventh day with more or less earnest efforts at religious growth. Is its duty all done? Is society divisible into just three parts, — the thoughtful and intelligent readers, who can draw all the divine nourishment they need out of pious books; the poor and illiterate, who are supposed to be provided for by the "ministry-at-large" enterprise; and the well-to-do, who can afford to enjoy the costly privileges of God's fashionable temple? Everybody knows it is not. Everybody who thinks and observes knows that a large proportion of the non-church-goers are hard-working persons of good intentions and desires, of average intelligence, who are debarred by insurmountable pecuniary obstacles from attending church where their inclinations would prompt; and are shut out, on the other hand, from the "free chapels" by a natural and creditable sensitiveness or pride which rebels against the classification which attendance there virtually prescribes. Besides this large class, there is, particularly in every large city and town, a considerable floating and stranger population, whose short and uncertain tenure of residence naturally disinclines them to the formation of any church relation. Thus it happens that a large portion of the most sterling and hopeful classes in our own communities are totally neglected by the

"Church," the keen eyes of whose benevolence penetrate every narrow alley and crooked court of the city, and glance with more or less clearness of vision across the ocean into heathen lands. And surely the Church has a duty to perform in this direction. How shall it be done? Other churches, desirably located, free from the associations which cling about the chapels at large, to be supported in part by voluntary contributions of actual worshippers, and part by donations from established organizations, have been declared not possible, on the general ground, of doubtful tenability, that many, abundantly able, who now tax themselves for the support of existing establishments, would meanly embrace such an opportunity to avoid the tax altogether. One expedient remains, which, while untried, leaves the Church under the just imputation of being merely a close corporation, selfishly devoted to self-gratification, or, at best, to self-salvation, alone; and which, if carried into execution, would solve many minor difficulties in the way of public worship, which, continually brought up as they are in unconnected detail, are, and will be, prolific sources of profitless discussions.

The plan is, to have one day-service on Sunday, as now, for the special benefit of the particular parish; and, in the evening, devote the Church and its appurtenances to the public, — those of the particular parish, who wish to attend a second service, going of course, but as members of the general household.

Look at the benefits of the plan. One carefully considered discourse, one public religious service, properly engaged in, is as much as any healthy mind and

heart can thoroughly improve in one day. The second almost invariably either falls void or drives the first from the mind. There is no plausible reason, but custom, for having precisely two public services at church on Sunday; and abundant reasons against having two. Besides that above stated, it is evident, that, with the present elevated standard, no conscientious preacher can prepare two new discourses a week, and do any thing else; hence the frequent indispensable, but suicidal, exchanges. Again, no Sunday-school teacher, or parent, whose children attend the Sunday school, can afford to sacrifice so large a portion of his or her only day of social reunion and rest as three Sunday services, including the school sessions, demand. And then the crowning advantage is the ample provision made, without a dollar of extra expenditure, for the thousands who would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to attend religious services but for the cost, which they cannot afford to incur; and the Church will relieve itself from this stigma, which must else rest upon it. Even for the chance, floating, irreligious population alone, of our cities at least, the Church is bound to make this provision; for vice offers attractions Sunday nights, as all others, and every man's observation must satisfy him that hundreds, not viciously inclined, are drawn downward because of no such effort to elevate them as a universal and regular throwing open of churches every Sunday night would be. And, finally, it would be a relief to the preacher. Instead of one service in the morning, with a hastily prepared sermon, and an afternoon service to half or two-thirds empty pews, one fully

attended morning service, with a new sermon, and a crowded evening service of new worshippers, — to whom last Sunday morning's sermon would be also new, — would gladden the preacher's heart and strengthen his hands, impart new life to the Church, scatter seed where its results could not be doubtful, and exhibit the spectacle of the "body of Christ on earth" as active in the promotion of its Master's cause, as it is now, alas! culpably negligent and unfaithful.

"THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS."

[*Extract from a Letter.*]

WHAT changing significance attaches to these words, as we pass almost imperceptibly from our "teens" to our scores! First, veritable holidays, festivals, days of freedom, joy, and jest and gayety; eagerly anticipated, enjoyed with intensity, and remembered with delight! The *hollow*-days, as disappointment and death, — cypress mingling with our holly, — and crosses borne with ill-disguised impatience, open blind eyes to the vanity of all pleasures of mere sense.

> "Then comes the check, the change, the fall,
> Pain rises up, old pleasures pall."

"Christmas mummery" seemeth "mummery" indeed, and the "Happy New-Year's" greeting but a sorry jest.

Happy in good sooth, they, to whom this period is but a brief stage to the third and last mutation, when the

season is one of holy days; when, through the unfailing and abundant consolations of the infinite, we are made to see more clearly the "eternal purpose" of "good in every thing"; when we waken to the full realization of the truth, that, —

> "Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity,"

then do Christmas and the Epiphany become as pearly clasps to a golden book of sweet, sad recollections. And though every page be blurred with tears, and many perchance inscribed "Sacred" to some blessed memory, — parent, companion, child, or friend, — we may turn them over with a quiet calm satisfaction as much outweighing the unthinking delight of childhood as eternity outweighs time. Real "saints' days" will they prove, these anniversaries, if, as we inscribe in the family Bible the never-to-be-forgotten dates, we may be made conscious of the added record, as by angel fingers, with invisible ink, — Born, of Tribulation, Patience; of Experience, Hope. Died, after an unquiet life, Discontent, Pride, Ambition, Lust, Envy, Malice, Hate.

Thus shall the recurring years be ever "new and happy."

OIL AND WATER.

[*From the "Christian Register,"* Jan. 8, 1868.]

WHOEVER visits for the first time one of our great manufactories — a Lowell cotton mill, for instance — observes its great water-wheel, surveys its complicated

machinery, notices its polished surfaces, and takes in, as he cannot well help doing, the peculiar odor of the place, is likely to depart with a questioning in his mind, whether the mill-works go by water or by oil; whether the governing genius of the place is power or lubrication.

The same query arises as one surveys the working of any machine, from a padlock to a locomotive. Constantly the effort of human ingenuity is twofold, to increase the power and to diminish the friction. And inasmuch as no ingenuity can utterly annihilate the latter, in fact the greater the power the more necessary is the lubrication, the empire in mechanics is likely to be divided between the power which sets in motion and the substance which prevents fatal jarring and stoppage.

In this, as in a thousand other ways, the material is a type of the moral and social world. Humanity is divided into two great classes, the doers and the bearers.

One portion, intent only upon accomplishing the utmost in the most expeditious manner, regardless of all plans but their own, pressing their personality or their specialty forward with every energy, reckless as to course or obstacle, only anxious to reach their goal by the most direct route, or to have their own way, and getting immense credit for force and energy and persistence and devotion, what grief they would come to, what collisions and smash-ups, what incessant turmoil and discomfort, but for that other, obscure, unpretentious class, who enact the part of lubricators; who glide in between opposing schemes and prevent a dead-lock, or a disastrous collision, by a skilful turning of their

course; who drop here the oil of a soothing word, there ease off a terrible strain by a timely act; who are active without bustle, passive without complaint; who "do" occasionally, "bear" constantly, and "suffer" when needful! Who does not know and love and respect at least one such spirit, in some household, some neighborhood, some community? And yet who gives half the just meed of credit to this important element in our social forces?

While wonder is open-mouthed and praise loud-tongued at deeds of energetic daring, enterprise, skill, and persistency, and ready to excuse bluntness, incivility, selfishness, even insolence and heartless indifference, as pardonable in view of such praiseworthy effort and notable results, how often is ignored that noiseless but busy spirit of self-sacrificing, patient care and thoughtfulness, which glides about hither and thither, getting between the rough places, chiselling off the sharp corners, toning down the harsh notes, and not only contributing its full fifty per cent to the results of the praised and heralded "fewer," but saving that "fewer" from wearing out the machinery it turns, and fretting itself to destruction by useless and wasteful expenditure of vital force!

This beneficent quality is one of the special growths and fruits of Christianity. The turbulent, bustling, enterprising spirit is of a lower order, — a sort of animal instinct.

Gentleness, gentlemanliness, considerateness, forbearance, or whatever you designate it, is no more inconsistent with strength and persistence and tireless energy, than it is with good health. What more resistless than

the rising tide? The hydraulic press raises tons of weight, with a tithe the fuss and noise that a fire-cracker makes in bursting its paper covering.

By two things is a wise man known; yea, by three things are his wisdom and Christianity revealed: in that he talketh not just to show that he can, when silence is better; that he beareth and suffereth, when that is more helpful than to "do" blusteringly; and he poureth out the oil of patience and accommodation and obligingness upon the shallow and turbulent waters of other men's strife and commotions.

No matter that the element is unappreciated, cultivate it. Wisdom is known of her own. Take this element out of the world, and the most blatant assertor of his "independence," the most untiring proclaimer of the uselessness of every thing but positive force, would come to absolute stagnation; clogged and choked by their own friction, stunned and overborne by their own clamor, bruised and battered by their inevitable collisions with others of like ilk.

THE GROUNDS OF CONTENT.

[*From the "Christian Register,"* Nov. 25, 1863.]

THE story is doubtless familiar to most readers, of the traveller who, asking which was best of two roads leading to a certain place, was answered, "There is but little difference: whichever you choose you will hardly have gone ten rods before you will wish you had chosen the other." The point of the reply is obvious; both

roads had so many difficulties that the unprepared, irresolute, or inexperienced traveller would speedily come to the conclusion that any other would have been preferable.

The story has a wider application. Judging from the sentiments constantly expressed, about half of mankind are, in their great life journey, in very much the same state of mind as it was asserted the traveller would be. They find the path of their profession, or of their social or domestic life, so uneven, so beset with difficulties, infelicities, and occasional discomforts, that, ignorant of any other highway, they hastily conclude that their lot alone has fallen in unpleasant places, and they of all mankind are most miserable; that any other course or pathway, had they chosen it, would have conducted them to the heights of felicity without the obstruction of a pebble or a thorn; or at least of so many pebbles and thorns. Once this fancy finds entrance into the mind, farewell to all peace or comfort. If the condition is alterable, there is no rest till a change is effected; a change generally from (seemingly) bad to really worse. Or, if unalterable, the victim, as he considers himself, sinks into a condition of chronic or intermittent fret.

Half the *un*happy, and seven-eighths of the *non*-happy, marriages proceed from their being entered into with an ignoring, by one or both of the contractors, of the fact that this, like any and all relations in life, presupposes duties as well as delights; sacrifices not less than gratifications; repressions as well as expressions; endurance and forbearance as well as exalta-

tion and activity. And this not from any inherent defect in the institution, but because in becoming a husband or wife one does not cease to be a man or a woman; in getting married, or embracing a profession, or embarking in any enterprise, one does not cease to live. However true it may be that certain relations or occupations are more wearing, more discouraging, more abounding in infelicities, less compensating than others, it is not less true that such relations or occupations yield their full fruits only to those who accept the conditions of labor, discouragement, infelicity, and small compensation, as belonging to the imperfect state of temporal affairs, and who resolve, without wasting time in idle regrets, to make the most of the case, "conditions" and all.

Most of the prizes of life come as the reward of perseverance; and there can be no genuine perseverance where there is a perpetual protest against the circumstances of one's lot, or where effort intermits with repining that the effort had not been made in some different direction, because it has not realized all that was expected from it. As if any effort ever did; or as if any lot were free from the conditions of living. The only reasonable lament is, "Oh that I was born at all," — and that this should be "reasonable," is an illustration of, and commentary upon, the narrowness and insufficiency of reason itself.

There can be no thorough happiness, abiding content, or even unalloyed satisfaction, without an active faith in two propositions; viz., that God alone is perfect and immutable; that the only real misery or misfortune

is sin. And with an active faith in these axioms, happiness, content, and satisfaction are possible under whatever conditions. For, believing thus, one never expects to find in any human relation complete immunity from the limitations and incompleteness which mark all temporal affairs. Consequently, having formed the connection in full view of the general truth, we are not disturbed, still less disgusted, by particular illustrations of it.

In any undertaking, having first used all the light we could command in deciding upon it, we go to work expecting occasional disappointment, difficulty, and defeat. Consequently, when they come, we do not despair, or lament, or wish something different had been undertaken, some other course resolved upon, that we had decided differently in this or that emergency.

Of course mistakes will be made which, with more foresight or caution on our part, or a wider experience, might have been avoided. But that we did not possess the foresight, or experience or exercise the caution, was one of the conditions incident to imperfect humanity,

If we acted deliberately, with such intelligence as we possessed, or could command, we have nothing to reproach ourselves with, and that takes the sting from most misfortunes, and smooths the most uneven pathway.

This is not wilfully to shut our eyes to errors, or to refuse to correct mistakes.

It is simply to discriminate between endurance and action, between what is inherent and must be borne or borne with, and what is curable and may be remedied.

And, generally, they who are slowest to fret are most ready and rapid to reform. Chronic discontent rarely mends its condition; but a cheerful, forbearing, trusting, hopeful, laborious endurance eventually gets into the right channel despite all obstacles, or educes happiness from its present state — however infelicitous — if it be unchangeable.

"THE DOOR WAS SHUT."

A VESPER TALK.

I REMEMBER a sermon once delivered from this text, — delivered rather in the spirit of the inquisition than of the gospel, — in which the speaker seemed to take a grim, and most un-Christian, satisfaction in the reflection that the door was shut, not to be re-opened; and that, not from a consideration of who and what it shut in, but of who and what it shut out. As though he should say, "Go to, now, have your good times, your feasts and your slumber, leaving me to fast and watch; indulge in all your liberties of thought and speech; differ from me all you may, and neglect my admonitions, but by and by the bridegroom will come: I shall go in, and the door will be shut and bolted."

I do not propose to discuss the momentous question of the final shutting of the door of God's grace and mercy, at which the parable seems to point, and which the succeeding parable of the talents yet more strongly suggests. But, standing as we do upon the threshold of the year, with its door just closing upon us, we may

well pause a moment to consider how much of joy and well-earned satisfaction, of growth and prosperity, of time and opportunity improved, the door shuts in, and how much it shuts out. For, whatever may be true of the great future, this is certain, that every year and month and day there closes behind us a door, which no prayers, no regrets, no entreaties nor tears, can re-open: and whatever, from our weakness or our carelessness, our foolishness or our criminality, has been left outside, must be left outside for ever.

But, happily, the reverse of this is no less true. The past is like a reservoir laid in adamant. No duty performed, no deed of loving service and self-sacrifice once committed to its custody, can ever be lost; and though we may never expect to buy heaven by any toil or gift, we are instructed, exhorted, entreated, commanded, to lay up treasure therefor, with the assurance that neither moth nor rust can corrupt it, nor thieves break through and steal. Besides these doors of days and years, and the final door of death, there are doors which, irrespective of set times and seasons, are constantly opening and closing upon us; doors of special opportunity or ability, of mood or fitness, swinging open when and where we think not, and remaining open, most likely, for a very brief season, and opening, it may be, but a little way, depending upon our will to swing them open to their full extent.

This enjoins upon us constant watchfulness and care; not merely a conscientious effort to fill the day with its appropriate duties, but to scan every event and circumstance for such lessons as it may be commissioned to

teach. Every blessing and benefit, every joy and comfort, and, not less, often far more, every disappointment and sorrow, every pain and grief, opens a little door through which the hand of the Infinite stretches towards us, beckoning us upward, if we are not too much dazzled by our prosperity or blinded by our tears to see and heed it.

Then, for our encouragement, we have the reflection, embodied in the wise proverb, "One door never shuts but another opens." The door which shuts out to-day opens to-morrow. The door through which we see the last of 1866 gives us a glimpse of 1867; that which closes on time opens on eternity; that which shuts out the "last of earth" reveals to us the first of heaven. Always there is a future before us, and eternity would lose its charm were there an end.

Do we need any assurance of the impartial as well as the abounding goodness of the Almighty? Reflect, for five minutes, upon the fact of how full the most infelicitous life is of opportunities; how unreasonable is complaint, how unpardonable despair, if only we rightly apprehend what, of all possible performances, is worth the doing, what, of all human possessions, really worth having. And remember that true wisdom impels a judicious "forgetting of the things which are behind," and a hopeful pressing forward. As we stand upon one of these thresholds, and see the door closing upon our anticipations, our aspirations, our desires, a half-regretful glance backward at the joys, the possessions, the labor and hope it shuts out, will be wrung from weak human nature. But faith, which is reflective no

less than prospective, gilding the past as it illumines the future, faith assures us that the closing door can neither shut in nor shut out other than God willed. So it counsels a trustful glance through the opening door; believing that to the eye, single to God's glory, it can reveal nothing but will serve to build us up in all that makes for peace, joy, and heavenly riches.

"Swift years, but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill;
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
And speed our courses as ye will."

ONE DROP AT A TIME.

HAVE you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot long, or more. If the water was clean, the icicles remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming: one little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

FROM A REPORT AS CHAIRMAN OF THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE, 1865–66.

THE duties and labors of the head of a large grammar school are not diminished by the circumstance of its pupils being girls and its teacher a woman. Hence, there is neither justice nor propriety in fixing, as the salary in such cases, a sum less than half that paid where the pupils are boys and the teacher a man.

We do not propose to discuss what is called "the woman question," nor to advocate what we conceive to be, in the present state of society, the untenable proposition that labor should be paid with no reference to the age, sex, or condition of the person performing it; only to contend that we owe it to ourselves as men, as fathers, husbands, and brothers, not to accept, year after year, a thousand dollars' worth of work for six hundred and fifty dollars, simply because the laborer is a woman.

We make this statement here, because the estimate of expenses for the ensuing year, which will be found in the proper place, contemplates this small act of justice to a faithful and valuable teacher. This will furthermore be understood to be apart from the general rise in salaries which has, in our judgment, become an imperative necessity.

Miss —— possesses unusual qualifications for the position, including among them the very essential ones of sympathy with her pupils, and a love of her profession.

And we may remark here, that the lack of these two qualities is almost fatal to success in school teaching, however great the merely technical acquirements may be, even when a fair capacity for imparting is superadded. Any labor performed perfunctorily, as a mere task, is shorn of half its efficiency; while teaching and preaching, carried on in that spirit, are an impertinence and an offence. A good deal of humanity and an active mind are indispensable in teaching, particularly in primary school teaching. One may not be blameworthy for wanting these qualities, any more than for wanting sight or hearing; only, in either case, the individual is out of place in a primary school.

. . . There is a current feeling prevalent, not alone here, but among teachers everywhere, that the position of a primary teacher is one of less consideration than that of an assistant in a grammar school. Certainly, if the amount of labor performed, the importance of the service rendered, and the high grade of mental and moral qualities requisite to insure success, are any criterion of the just dignity of any branch of the profession, no reflecting person will presume to look with disdain upon the primary teacher.

Nevertheless, it is idle to urge these and other considerations, when we practically refute them by fixing the compensation of the primary teacher one grade lower than that of the grammar-school assistant. This inconsistency we desire to reform, and at the same time testify our sense of the importance of the primary department, and our determination to secure for that

branch of the service the best available ability, by raising the salaries of the primary teachers to an equality with those of teachers in the lower divisions of the grammar school.

THE END.

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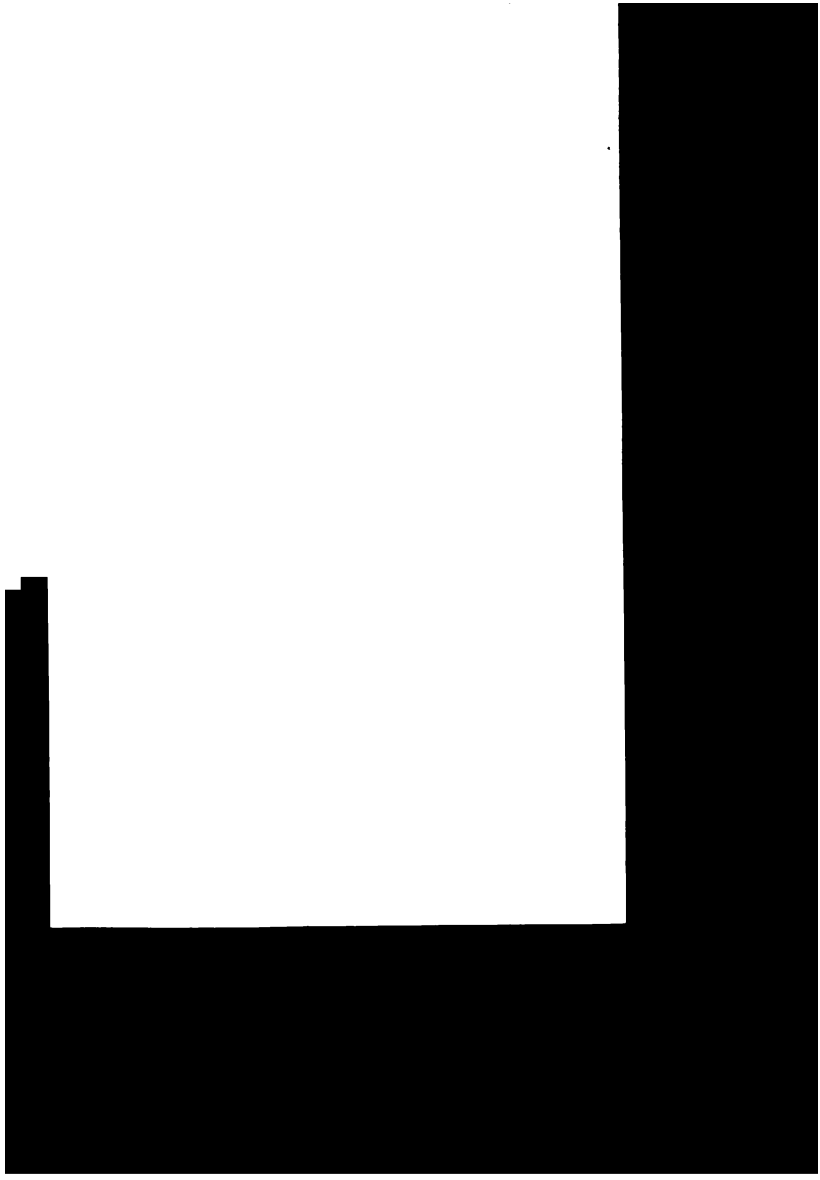

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